

MYSTIC

MARCH

10

COMICS

*Every Feature
Brand New!*

No. 1

**DYNAMIC
MAN**
•
**THE
BLUE BLAZE**
•
**DAKOR
THE MAGICIAN**
•
**FLEXO THE
RUBBERBOT**



it was a million
to one against
THE BLUE BLAZE



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FLEXO

THE RUBBER MAN

DOCTORS JOEL AND JOSHUA WILLIAMS, TWO FAMOUS SCIENTISTS, CREATED FLEXO, THE RUBBER MAN, AFTER YEARS OF EXPERIMENTATION. MADE OF LIVE RUBBER, FILLED WITH A SECRET GAS, AND OPERATED BY REMOTE CONTROL, FLEXO HAS THE SPEED OF A BULLET, THE STRENGTH OF AN OX AND THE ABILITY TO ZOOM THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A BIRD.

BY
WILL
HARR

ILLUSTRATED
BY
JACK BINDER

THE TWO SCIENTISTS ARE ENGAGED IN FURTHER EXPERIMENTS AND REQUIRE THE USE OF RADIUM. THEY HAVE MADE ARRANGEMENTS TO BORROW A SUPPLY FROM THE LOCAL HOSPITAL, BUT CAN ONLY USE IT DURING THE NIGHT, SINCE THE HOSPITAL USES IT FOR CANCER PATIENTS DURING THE DAY.



THEY RECEIVE A CALL FROM THE HOSPITAL, TELLING THEM WHEN TO PICK UP THE RADIUM.

AT 10 P.M.?-OKAY, WE'LL BE THERE.



THE DOCTORS RUSH TO THE HOSPITAL AND ARE MET BY BEEZLE, AN INTERNE.

HERE IT IS, GENTLEMEN- A HALF-MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF RADIUM!

WE'LL HAVE IT BACK IN THE MORNING.



PLEASE SIGN THIS RECEIPT FOR IT.

WHY CERTAINLY, DR. BEEZLE.



RADIUM IS SO VALUABLE AND SO SCARCE-SOME DAY WE'LL WORK ON A SUBSTITUTE FOR IT.

YES, JOEL-SAY! LOOK!



THEY SEE AN EXCITED GIRL RUNNING TOWARD THEM.

HELP! HELP!



MY FATHER HAS GONE MAD-HE HAS A KNIFE AND IS GOING TO KILL MY MOTHER! PLEASE HELP ME!

OF COURSE. LEAD THE WAY!

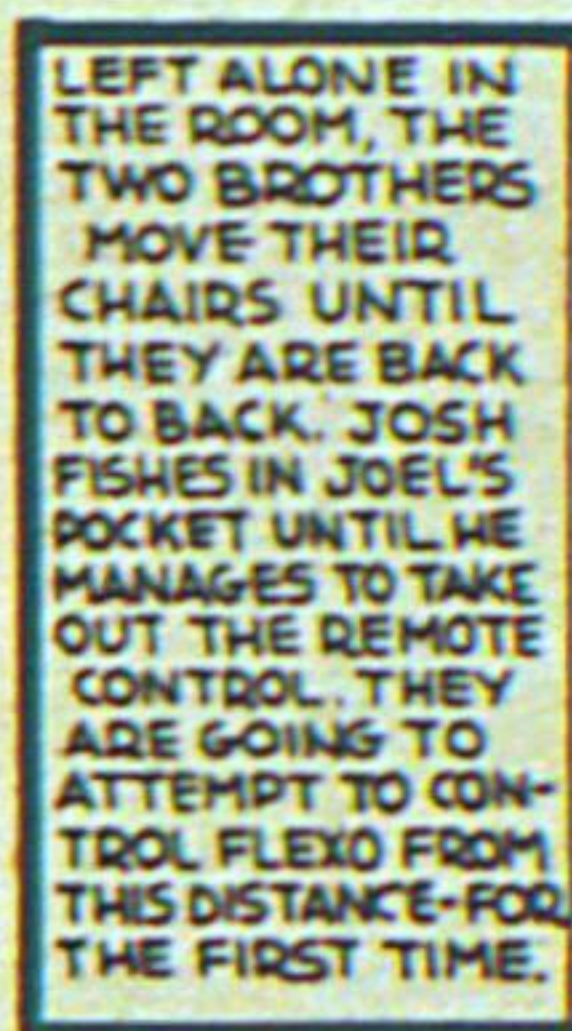


RIGHT THIS WAY! PLEASE HURRY!



WHY-THERE'S NO ONE HERE!





FOR A
MOMENT,
THE
RUBBER
MAN
TREMBLES
AS HIS
DELICATE
MECHANISM
RESPONDS
TO THE
REMOTE
CONTROL
DEVICE.



THEN WITH THE SPEED OF A BULLET, FLEXO WHIZZES
THROUGH AN ELECTRIC-EYE CONTROLLED DOOR.



MADE BUOYANT BY HIS SECRET GAS INTERIOR, THE
RUBBER MAN ZOOMS OVER THE CITY LIKE A BIRD.



LANDING IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE WHERE HIS
MASTERS ARE HELD CAPTIVE, FLEXO BOUNCES UP
TO THE SECOND-STORY WINDOW AND...



...CRASHES THROUGH INTO THE ROOM.



REMARKABLE! FLEXO
RESPONDED TO EVERY
COMMAND!

YES - HE'S BETTER
THAN WE HAD EXPECTED!



SH-H-BEEZLE
IS RETURNING!







JOEL COMMANDS FLEXO TO COMBAT THE ROBOTS. AS THE HIGH-VOLTAGE ELECTRICITY HAS NO EFFECT ON HIS RUBBER BODY, FLEXO HAS NO DIFFICULTY IN RENDERING THEM USELESS.



CONTINUING FURTHER INTO THE HOUSE, A HEAVY IRON GATE DROPS IN THEIR PATH.

WE'RE NOT LICKED YET! FLEXO-GO THROUGH THE BARS!



FLEXO'S RUBBER BODY ENABLES HIM TO SQUEEZE THROUGH THE BARS.



THE GANGSTERS RUSH OUT AND BEGIN SHOOTING AT FLEXO, BUT THE HOLES IN HIS LIVE RUBBER BODY CLOSE AS QUICKLY AS THE BULLETS PASS THROUGH HIM.



GEE-WE CAN'T EVEN HURT THIS GUY!!!



WHEN THE GANGSTERS FAIL IN THEIR MISSION TO REPULSE FLEXO, DR. MURDO, THE MAD SCIENTIST, APPEARS IN PERSON.

OUT OF THE WAY, FOOLS! I SHALL DESTROY HIM WITH THIS CORROSIVE ACID!





BUT AT THAT MOMENT, JOEL MAKES THE PROPER CONTACT ON THE REMOTE CONTROL DEVICE. A SPURT OF GAS SHOOT'S OUT FROM THE RUBBER MAN'S CHEST, IMMEDIATELY DISABLING MURDO AND HIS THUGS.



THE GANGSTERS SUBDUED, FLEXO PULLS THE SWITCH WHICH RAISES THE IRON GATE.

JOEL AND JOSH SOON FIND THE DEATH RAY MACHINE.



THAT MACHINE SHALL NEVER BE USED TO AID THE LAWLESS. WRECK IT, FLEXO!

HERE'S THE RADIUM!



POLICE STATION?— WE HAVE CAPTURED A VICIOUS BAND OF KILLERS. SEND A SQUAD OF MEN OVER AT ONCE!



— AND SO THE UNHOLY PLAN OF THE MAD SCIENTIST AND HIS GANGSTERS WAS THWARTED BY FLEXO AND HIS TWO MASTERS. FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF FLEXO THE RUBBER MAN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF DARING COMICS

"The BLUE BLAZE"

by HARRY/
DOUGLAS

C'MON BUTCH, THE PROFESSOR
CAN'T WAIT ALL NIGHT - WE GOTTA
GET THESE BODIES - SAY, WHAT'S THE
MATTER - YA GOT THE JUMPS.?



LET US GO BACK
TO THE LABORATORY
OF DOCTOR KEEN & MIDWEST
COLLEGE. - THE YEAR IS
1852

SON, BEFORE YOU GO OUT TO THE
COLLEGE MASQUERADE I WANT TO
SHOW YOU SOMETHING - YOUR
COSTUME REMINDED ME OF IT





A BLUE BLAZE!

YES, SON AND I'M
GOING TO DESTROY IT.



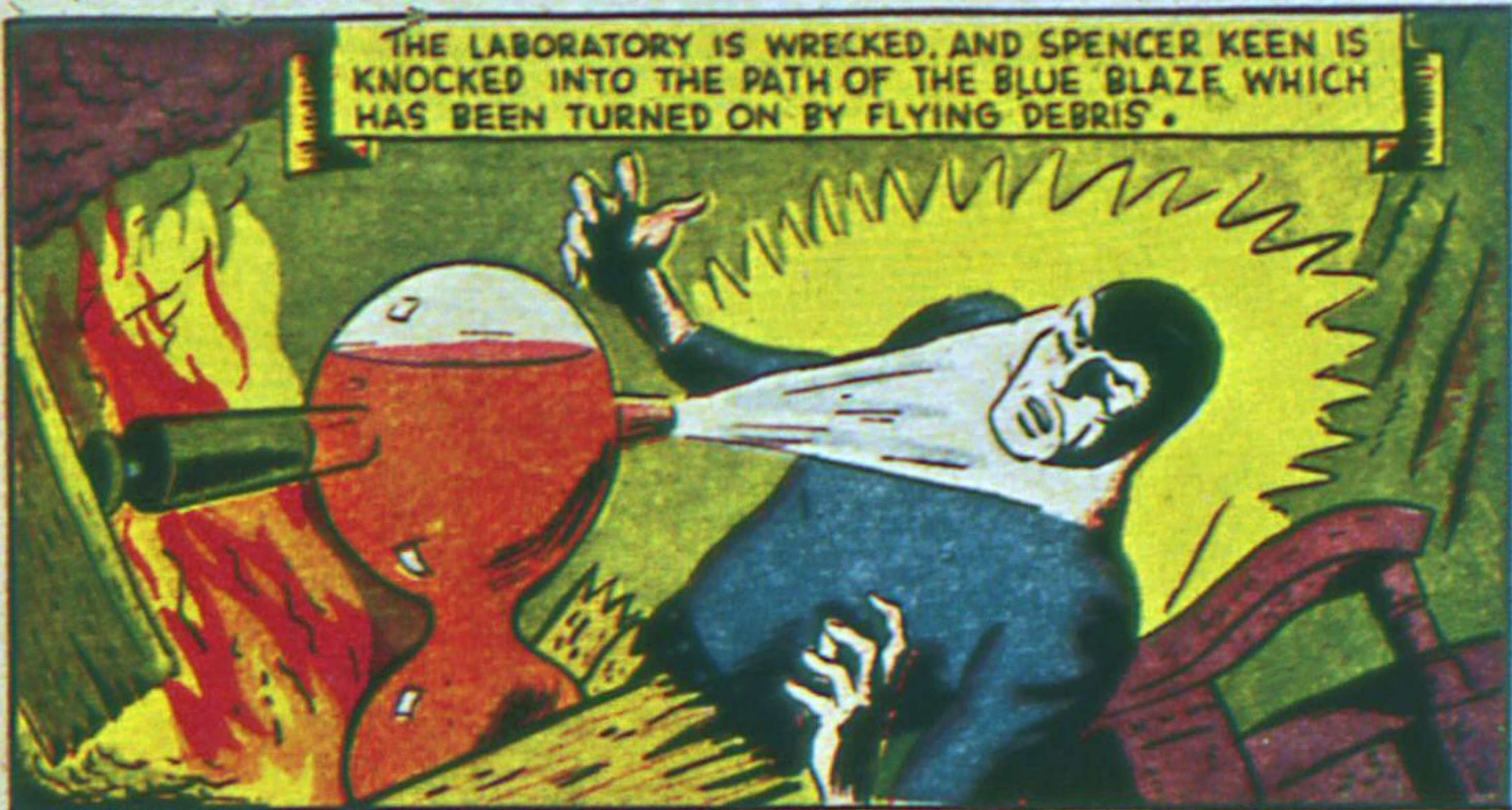
I HAVE INSECTS HERE, WHO HAVE
RECOVERED TO LIVE MANY TIMES
THEIR NORMAL LIFE SPAN —
— FRANKLY, THIS BLUE BLAZE
FRIGHTENS
ME.

DR. KEEN GOES ON TO EXPLAIN HOW
HE KILLED MICE WITH THE BLAZE —
— ONLY TO HAVE THEM REVIVE
MONTHS LATER - STRONGER THAN EVER.



AS DR KEEN ANNOUNCES
HIS DECISION, THE DREAD OF
THE PLAINS, THE TORNADO,
SWEEPS DOWN ON THE
MIDWEST COLLEGE CAMPUS.

THE LABORATORY IS WRECKED, AND SPENCER KEEN IS KNOCKED INTO THE PATH OF THE BLUE BLAZE WHICH HAS BEEN TURNED ON BY FLYING DEBRIS.



85% OF THE POPULATION WAS KILLED — BURIALS WERE SPEEDY — LIKE THE OTHERS, SPENCER KEEN WAS BURIED AS HE WAS DRESSED AT DEATH, AND WITHOUT THE SERVICES OF A MORTICIAN — BUT THIS WAS NOT THE END, MERELY THE BEGINNING, FOR **SPENCER KEEN HAD NOT DIED.**



DURING HIS YEARS OF HIBERNATION SPENCER KEEN GAINS STRENGTH A THOUSAND FOLD BY MEANS OF SUBSTRATA DERMATIC RAYS HE IS MADE



CONSCIOUS OF THE SLOW DOMINATION OF EVIL IN THE WORLD — HE PATIENTLY SLEEPS AND WAITS FOR THE DAY WHEN HE MAY THROW FEAR INTO THE FORCES OF AGGRESSION AND CRIME.

1940 — 88 YEARS
AFTER BURIAL, THE BLUE
BLAZE ARISES TO MEET
TWO TERRORIZED GHOULS.



IN DESPERATION
THEY EMPTY THEIR
AUTOMATICS INTO
THE BLUE BLAZE.



THE BULLETS
BOUNCE OFF
THE RESURRECTED, SUPER
TOUGH BLUE BLAZE.

BUTCH HAS A HEART ATTACK
AS BLUE BLAZE PROCEEDS
TO INTERROGATE THE
THUG, "KILLER" SKEHAN



NOW, SCUM, TALK!

GONE IS EVERY VESTIGE
OF BRAVADO IN THE
INFAMOUS KILLER.



-AT THE INN
"THE GREEN
LAMP" ON THE
EDGE OF TOWN
- GO AND ASK
FOR PROFESSOR
MALUSKI.



I WANT TO
SEE PROFESSOR
MALUSKI!



WE HEARD YOU'RE FATAL
REQUEST, BUDDY- AND IT'S
GOING TO BE GRANTED-
-I MIGHT ADD VERY MUCH
TO YOUR SORROW.



SO LONG, CHUMP —
YOU'VE JUST ENTERED
A ONE WAY STREET.

BLUE BLAZE IS
PLACED IN A
HIDDEN
ELEVATOR.

THE ELEVATOR
IS SENT DOWN,
DOWN, MANY
MILES INTO
THE EARTH.

HEH, HEH, THEY
ALL LOOK SURPRISED
WHEN THEY FIRST
ARRIVE — ALL
RIGHT, SNOOPY—
COME WITH ME.

WELL, THIS IS
ASTOUNDING
— I THINK I'LL
LOOK AROUND
A BIT.

"BLUE BLAZE" IS FRANKLY AMAZED
AT THE IMMENSITY OF THE PROJECT.

THERE'S GOING TO BE
SOME CHANGES IN
THIS SET-UP, SO WE
MAY AS WELL START
RIGHT NOW!

WHILE INVESTIGATING, "BLUE BLAZE"
IS CONFRONTED BY A RED GEM.

HM, — THIS
IS ODD!

A POWER RAY
FROM THE GEM
ENCIRCLES
"BLUE BLAZE"

SO THAT'S THE
PLAN — A TENSION
RAY TO KEEP
ME IN LINE
— I THINK
I'LL PLAY ALONG
WITH THE BOSS.

THE RAY
WHIZZES
"BLUE BLAZE"
THRU POISON
GAS AND
GERM
LABORATORIES.

— AND DOWN THRU SPACES
STORED WITH ALL TYPES OF
ADVANCED DESTRUCTIVE WEAPONS.

—AND THEN THE
RED GEM STRIKES
ITS HOME —
A RAY RECEPTIVE
SOCKET IN THE
DESK OF ONE
PROFESSOR
MALUSKI.



LEAVING THE
"BLUE BLAZE"
STANDING IN
FRONT OF
THE KING OF
CRIME.

WELL, YOU WANTED TO SEE ME AND YOU
HAVE — I HAVE ALSO SHOWN YOU
MY POWER IN ARMS — YOU HAVE
SEEN THINGS THAT MEN
ON THE SURFACE DON'T
EVEN DREAM EXISTS. THE
COST OF THIS SHOW IS
CHEAP — IT'S YOUR LIFE!

ONE MOMENT
PROFESSOR
—WHO WILL
MAN YOUR
MACHINES?



AT THIS QUESTION "BLUE BLAZE"
SEES SOMETHING FLITTING THRU
THE PROFESSOR'S EYES — **FEAR.**

FOR THAT VERY
BRIGHT QUESTION
YOU SHALL DIE,
BY MY HAND,
IMMEADIATELY!



I HAVE MY OWN IDEAS ABOUT
THAT — ONE PEEP OUT OF YOU
AND I'LL RAM THIS FIST RIGHT
DOWN YOUR THROAT.



THE PROFESSOR IS
FORCED TO TAKE HIS
GUEST TO THE ARMY
DORMITORY.



THEY ENTER A DUNGEON,
AND SEE JIBBERING MONSTERS
— THEIR EYES ARE FILLED
WITH A NAMELESS DREAD.

YE GODS,
SO THAT'S
WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE CORPSES

THESE ARE
MY MEN —
— A PLEASANT
LOT, EH?



I HAVE FIFTY OF THESE
CREATURES — CREATED
BY MY OWN BRAIN. I
CONTROL THEM BY THIS
DEDUCTOR RAY ON THE
ENDS OF THEIR SHROUDS.
— OF COURSE, THEY
HAVE NO BRAINS, ONLY
NERVE REACTIONS, AND
THIS MAKES THEM
PERFECT SUBJECTS.
NOW YOU WILL WANT
TO KNOW—

WHAT I'M GOING TO DO
WITH THEM — I AM
GOING TO RULE THE WORLD
MY WAY, AND THERE
IS'NT AN AGENCY OR
INSTITUTION CAPABLE
OF STOPPING ME.

THOSE STUPID HENCHMEN
OF MINE ON THE SURFACE
ARE FIRST
ON MY
ELIMINATION
LIST, THAT IS
AFTER YOU.
— THEN

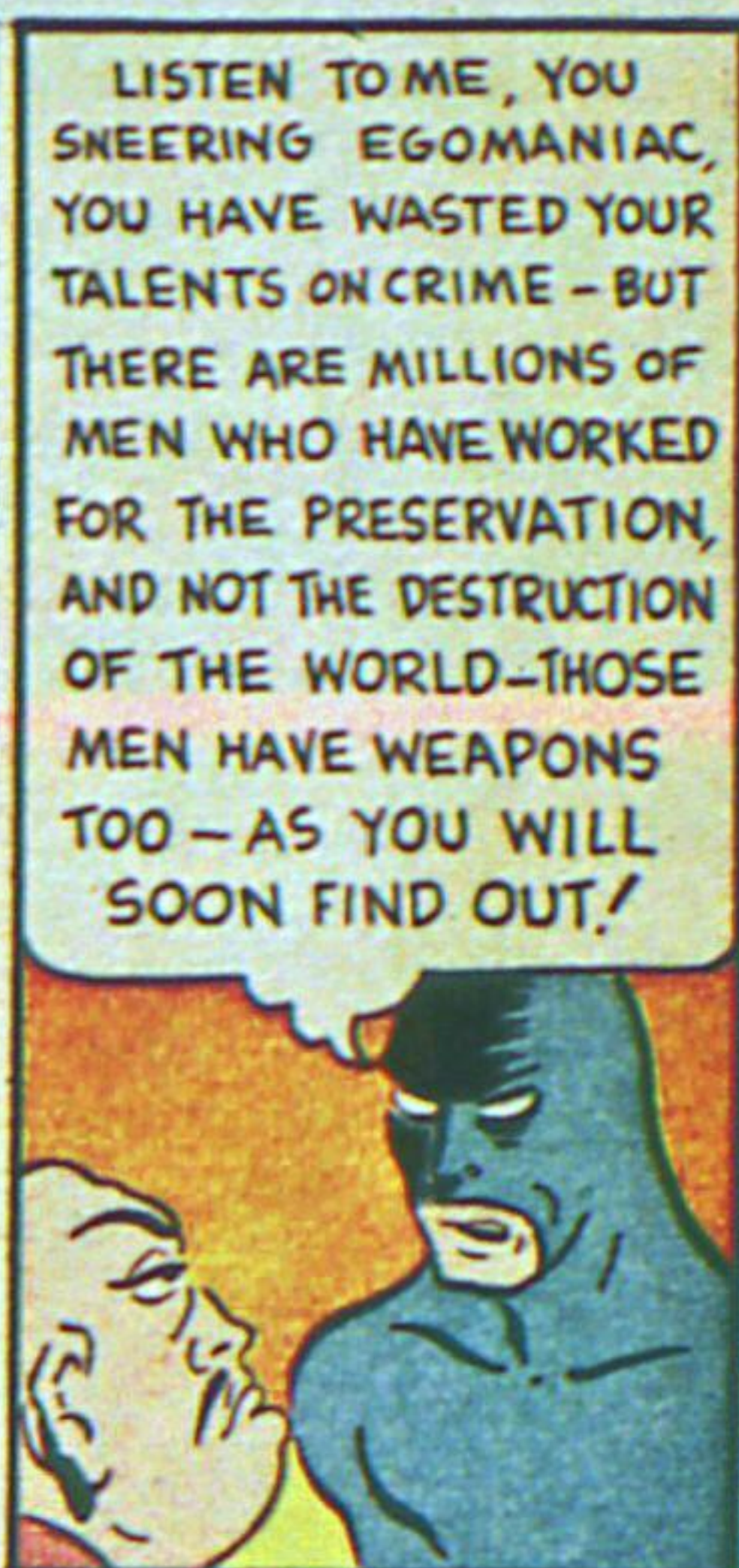
DON'T TELL ME,
— YOU'LL MURDER
BOMB, DESTROY
AND WRECK OUR
CIVILIZATION.



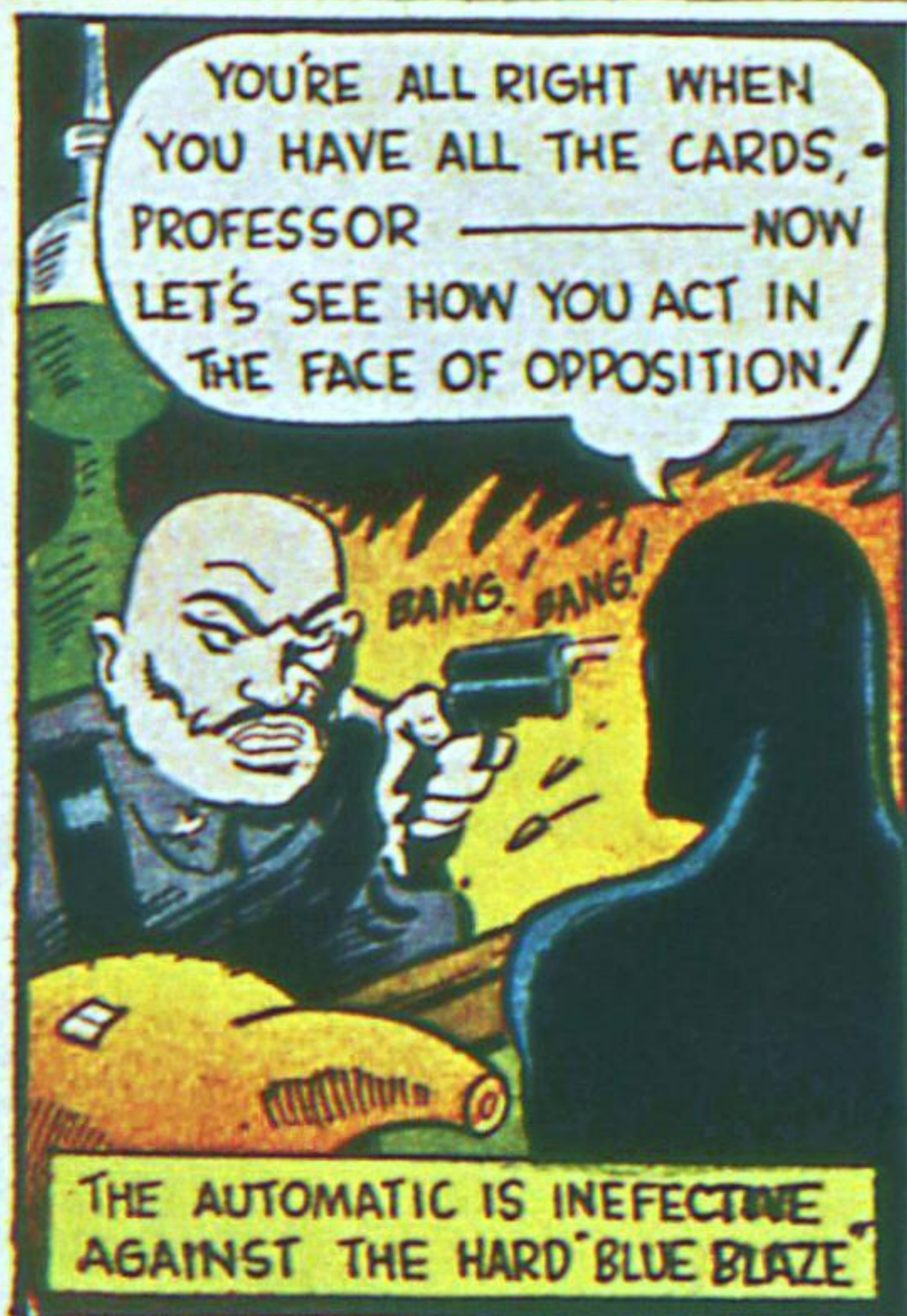


IN A CORNER OF THE SATANIC DUNGEON "BLUE BLAZE" IS SHOWN THE CONTROL TUBE AND A NEW TYPE AUTOMATIC.

YOU DON'T SAY MUCH, BUT THEN YOU ARE PROBABLY MADE SPEECHLESS BY MY GREAT ACCOMPLISHMENTS



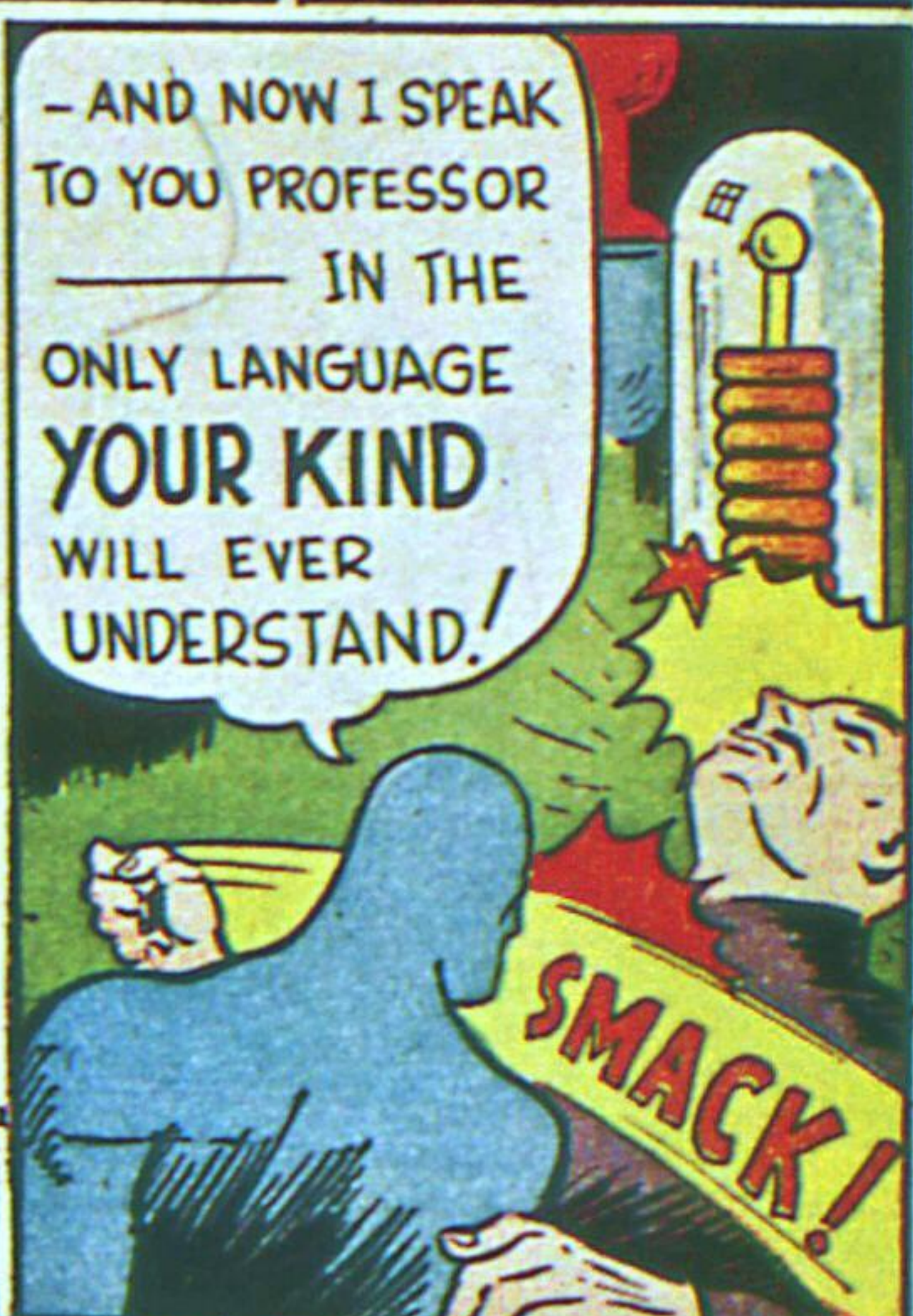
LISTEN TO ME, YOU SNEERING EGOMANIAC, YOU HAVE WASTED YOUR TALENTS ON CRIME - BUT THERE ARE MILLIONS OF MEN WHO HAVE WORKED FOR THE PRESERVATION, AND NOT THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD - THOSE MEN HAVE WEAPONS TOO - AS YOU WILL SOON FIND OUT!



YOU'RE ALL RIGHT WHEN YOU HAVE ALL THE CARDS, PROFESSOR — NOW LET'S SEE HOW YOU ACT IN THE FACE OF OPPOSITION!

BANG. BANG!

THE AUTOMATIC IS INEFFECTIVE AGAINST THE HARD "BLUE BLAZE"



- AND NOW I SPEAK TO YOU PROFESSOR — IN THE ONLY LANGUAGE YOUR KIND WILL EVER UNDERSTAND!

SMACK!



THE PROFESSOR GETS THE BEATING OF HIS LIFE — "BLUE BLAZE"



DELIVERS A FINAL BLOW THAT SENDS MALUSKI CRASHING THRU HIS CONTROL TUBE



WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TUBE, THE PROFESSOR LOSES HIS GRIP ON THE FIENDISH MONSTERS — THEY RUN AMOK.



EXPLOSIONS FOLLOW "BLUE BLAZE" IN HIS DASH FOR AN EXIT.



HE DIVES DEEP INTO A SUBTERRANEAN STREAM — WHILE BACK IN THE GHASTLY DUNGEON



PROFESSOR MALUSKI RECOVERS
TO MEET AN AVENGING CORPSE

THE UNDERGROUND EMPIRE IS
ROCKED FROM END TO END AS
THEY WRECK, BOMB, AND DESTROY
EVERYTHING IN SIGHT.



"BLUE BLAZE" FINALLY EMERGES
OUT OF A QUIET RURAL LAKE.

AT A RECORDING LABORATORY
IN DISTANT NEW YORK.

THE SEISMOGRAPH
RECORDED AN
EARTHQUAKE IN
SOUTH AMERICA
AND ONE OUT WEST

THAT ONE IN SOUTH
AMERICA WAS BAD,
BUT FROM WHAT I
CAN SEE THE ONE
OUT WEST
WAS OF NO
CONSEQUENCE



THE END.

ZEPHYR JONES

AND HIS ROCKET-SHIP

JOE CAL CAGNO
FRED SCHWARTZ

FAILING IN A FIRST ATTEMPT TO REACH THE PLANET MARS BY ROCKET-SHIP, ZEPHYR JONES AND HIS PAL, CORKY GROGAN ARE ALL SET TO RENEW THEIR FANTASTIC FLIGHT!

WELL, I GUESS EVERYTHING'S ALL OK--WE'RE READY TO SHOVE OFF AS SOON AS YOU GIVE THE WORD.

RIGHT YOU ARE--LET'S GO!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

PLEASE, MR. JONES I WOULD APPRECIATE A WORD WITH YOU. I BEG OF YOU TO CHANGE YOUR PLANS FOR THIS FLIGHT.

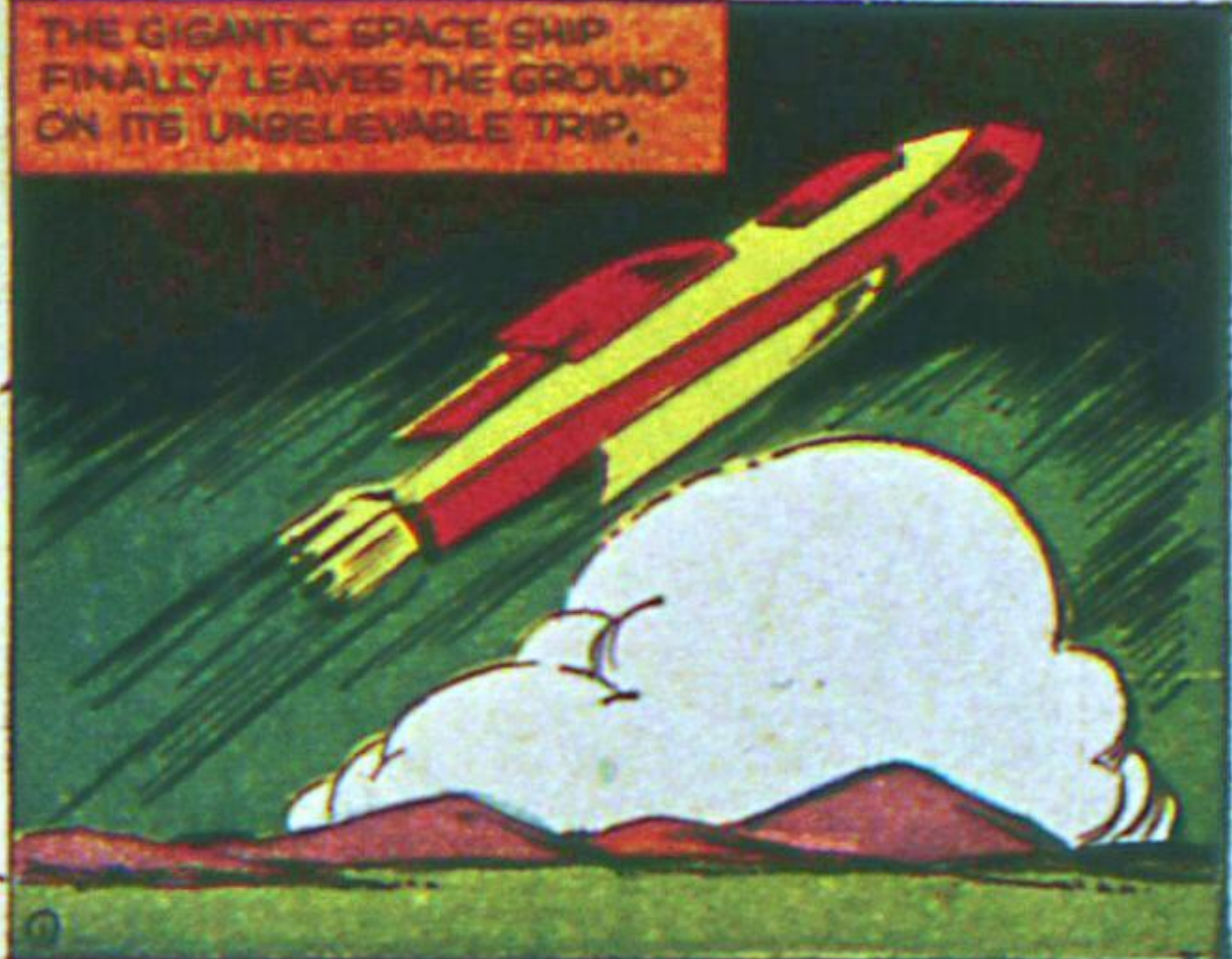
WHAT? YOU WANT ME TO GIVE UP MY TRIP?

NO--JUST TO CHANGE YOUR DESTINATION. FLY TO A STAR INSTEAD OF MARS.

THE GUYS NUTS--IMAGINE ANYONE FLYING TO A STAR.

WE MIGHT AS WELL WAIT FOR THE LATEST WEATHER REPORTS, NOW THAT WE'VE BEEN DELAYED. AH, HERE THEY COME, NOW.

THE GIGANTIC SPACE SHIP FINALLY LEAVES THE GROUND ON ITS UNBELIEVABLE TRIP.



EVERYTHING IS GOING LIKE
CLOCK-WORK - ACCORDING
TO OUR CALCULATIONS WE
SHOULD REACH MARS -



YOU WON'T REACH MARS
I'LL SEE TO
THAT!
YOU! WHERE
DID YOU COME
FROM?

WE'LL IF IT
ISN'T THE
STAR-NUT!



ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF.
I AM PROFESSOR REAGAN LEXICO--BET-
TER KNOWN AS THE 'MAD ASTRONOMER'--
BECAUSE I HAVE ALWAYS TALKED OF
VISITING STARS, BUT WHEN YOU LEARN
MY REASON FOR WANTING TO DO THIS
YOU'LL NOT THINK ME 'NUTS', AS MR.
GROGAN SO APTLY
PUTS IT.



FIRST, POINT THIS
ROCKET-SHIP
TOWARD THE
STAR, CYGNI,
MR. JONES
WE ARE GOING
TO LAND
THERE!

THAT'S
WHAT
YOU
THINK.

I'M SORRY,
MY DEAR
PROFESSOR--
BUT WE'VE
ALREADY
MADE PLANS
TO VISIT MARS--



AND THAT'S WHERE
WE'RE GOING!

AH-- THE
PROFESSOR
LEARNS A
LESSON!



YOU TAKE
YOUR HANDS
OFF MY FATHER!

ANOTHER
STOW-
AWAY!

AND
NOT
BAD,
EITHER!



I SAW YOU BOARD THE SHIP WHEN NO ONE WAS LOOKING, FATHER--AND FOLLOWED. BUT I STILL THINK IT IS A FOOLISH VENTURE.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE RISKED YOUR LIFE, TASI.

WHY ARE YOU SO ANXIOUS TO REACH THE STAR, CYGNI, PROFESSOR?

FATHER HAS REASON TO BELIEVE THAT THERE EXISTS ON CYGNI A FABULOUS SUBSTANCE, FAR MORE WONDERFUL THAN RADIUM, CALLED "STARDUST". ITS UNTOLD PROPERTIES CAN CURE ANY AILMENT. WITH ONE POUND OF "STARDUST" ALL THE ILLNESS IN THE WORLD CAN BE ERASED.



AMAZING IF TRUE. BUT WE CAN'T REACH A STAR THAT IS 16 BILLION LIGHT YEARS AWAY. OUR GREAT SPEED OF 5000 MILES PER MINUTE IS STILL NOT CAPABLE OF CARRYING US THAT DISTANCE.

PLEASE-- PLEASE FOR THE SAKE OF HUMANITY-- TRY.

DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GONNA THROW UP THE PLANNED FLIGHT TO MARS JUST BECAUSE SOME DIZZY DAME WANTS YOU TO CHASE MOONBEAMS OR SOMETHING?

YEP! THE CHART SHOWS WE'RE APPROACHING ONE OF THE LESSER STARS NOW!

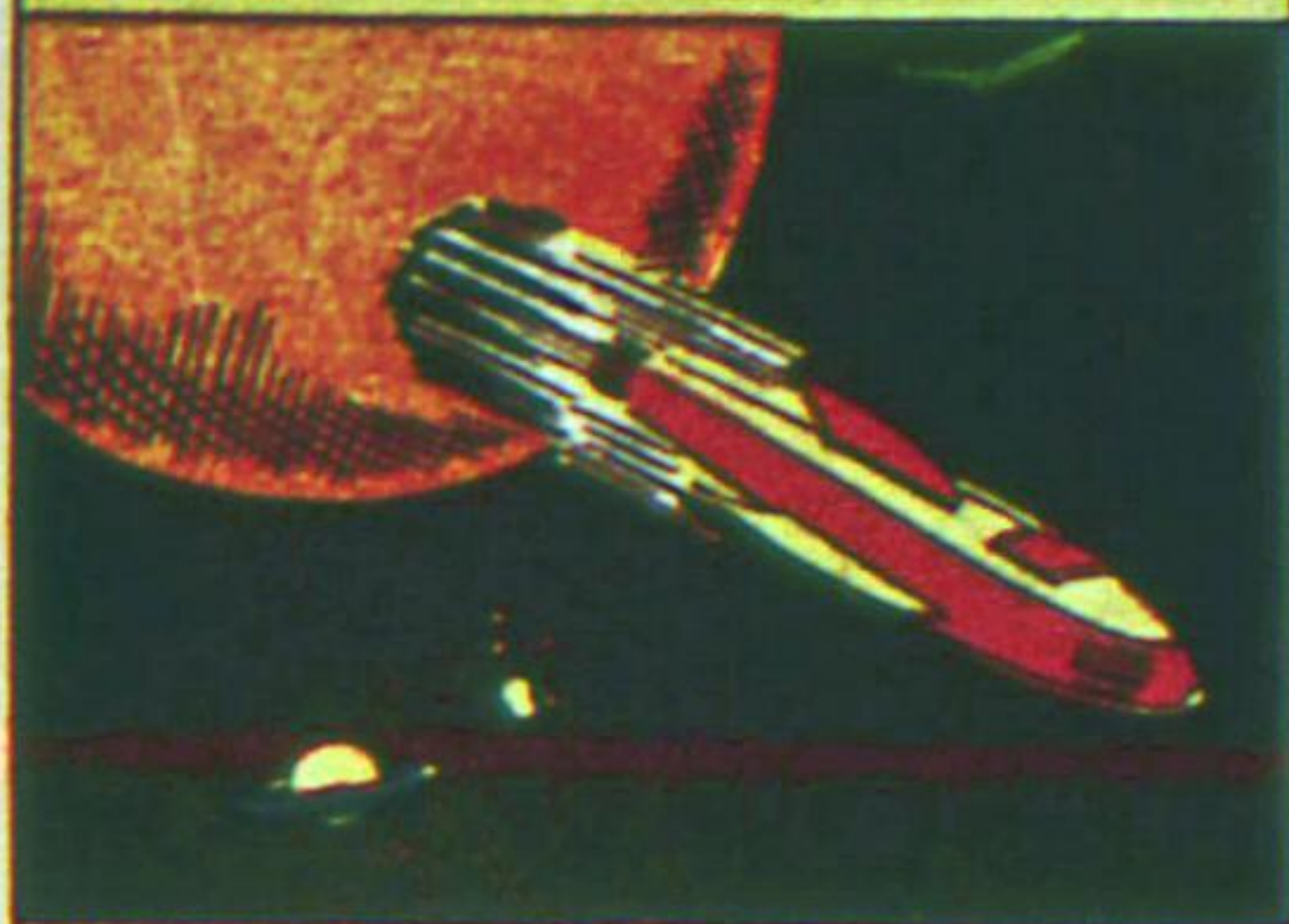


THE GIANT ROCKET-SHIP SETTLES ON THE STAR BODY, EASILY.





WITH TERRIFIC FORCE THE TWO MEET--
AND THE GREAT SPEED OF THE ROCKET-
CARRIES IT THROUGH THE HEAVENLY
BODY WITHOUT ANY HARM TO THE SHIP.



ALL I CAN
SAY IS--
"WHEW"!

THAT WAS CLOSE--
BUT LOOK, WE'RE IN
SIGHT OF CYGNI.

THEN WE SHOULD
LAND IN AN
HOUR.



THIS SECRET FORMULA OF MINE WILL
PROTECT US FROM THE HEAT AND GASES
THAT SURROUND CYGNI.



WE'RE
LANDING!

YOU HAD BETTER STAY
IN THE ROCKET-SHIP
WITH MISS LEXICO,
PROFESSOR--WE'RE
GOING TO HAVE
A LOOK AROUND
FIRST.

HOW THE
HECK ARE
WE GONNA
FIND OUR
WAY WITH-
OUT FOG-
LIGHTS?



GOOD GOSH!
STAR-PEOPLE!

CYGNIAHS!
AND LOOK!



AFTER SEARCHING FOR SIGNS OF LIFE,
FRUITLESSLY FOR AN HOUR, THEY COME UPON--

THE EVIL CYGNIAN DWARFS!



THE
PROFESSOR
AND HIS
DAUGHTER,
CAPTURED!

BACK AT THE ROCKET-SHIP, ZEPHYR AND CORKY PLAN THE RESCUE OF THE LEXICOS.

HOW CAN WE SAVE THEM AGAINST SUCH ODDS?

I DON'T KNOW--THESE CYGNIANS MAY BE IMMUNE TO ANY OF OUR EARTHLY WEAPONS ---WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE. LET'S GO!



QUICK, CORKY--WE'RE SURROUNDED--BACK TO THE PLANE!

TAKE THAT, YOU SAWED-OFF SHRIMPS!



STEPPING OUTSIDE--THEY ARE ATTACKED WITHOUT WARNING!

DID YOU SEE THAT? MY BULLETS DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER THEM!

WE SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT--THEY ARE SO HARDENED BY THE INTENSE HEAT ON THIS STAR THAT--BY JUPITER! I'VE GOT IT!

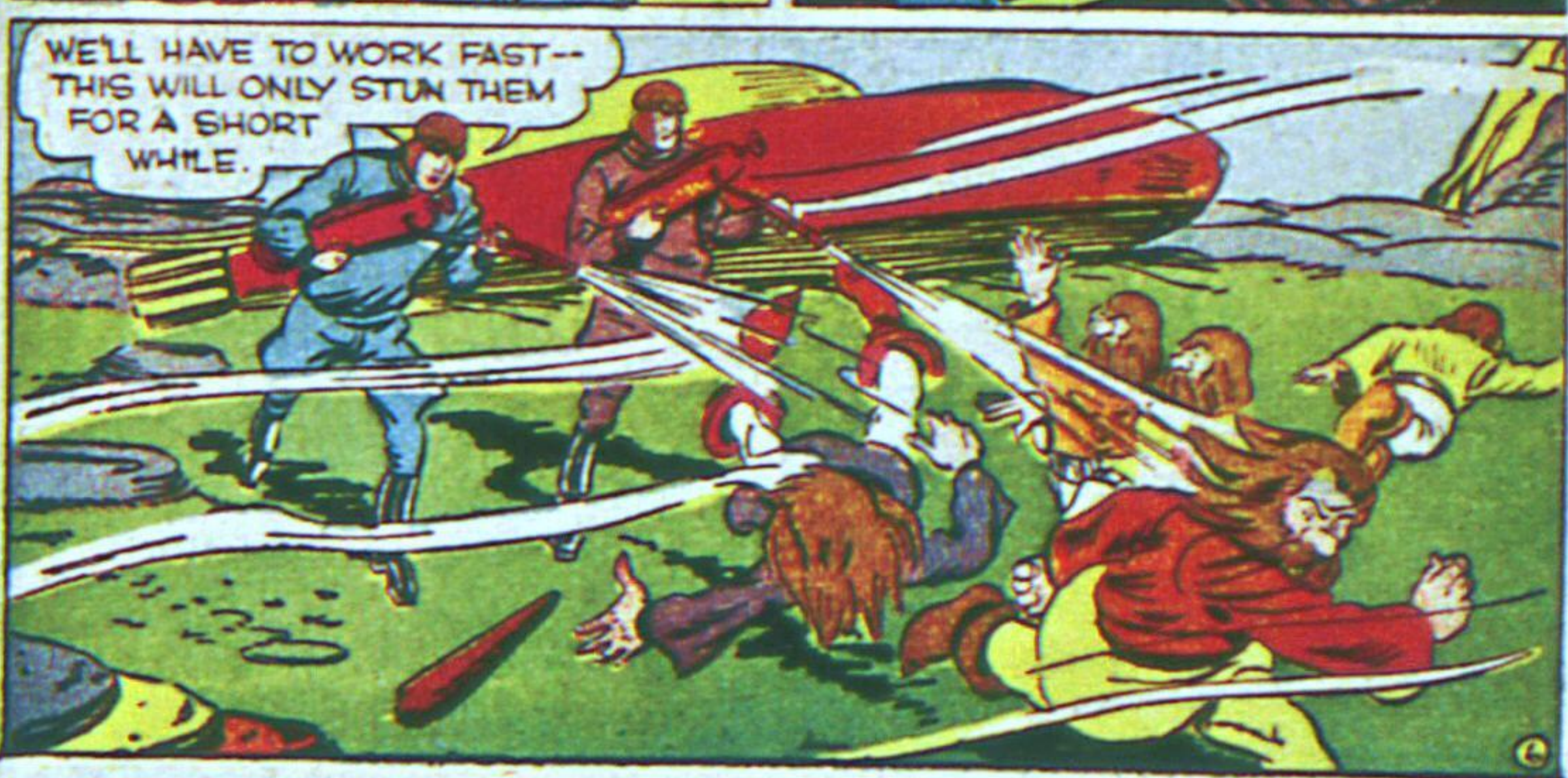


THESE FIRE-EXTINGUISHERS ARE JUST THE THING!

BOY, THIS'LL KNOCK THOSE HALF-PINTS SO COLD IT'LL BURN THEM UP!



WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST--THIS WILL ONLY STUN THEM FOR A SHORT WHILE.



RUN, DAUGHTER--
THEY ARE
COMING!

OH, FATHER--
WE CAN NEVER
ESCAPE!

MEANWHILE--IN AN UNGUARDED MOMENT,
THE PROFESSOR AND TASI FREE THEM-
SELVES AND ESCAPE INTO THE STRANGE
CAVES.

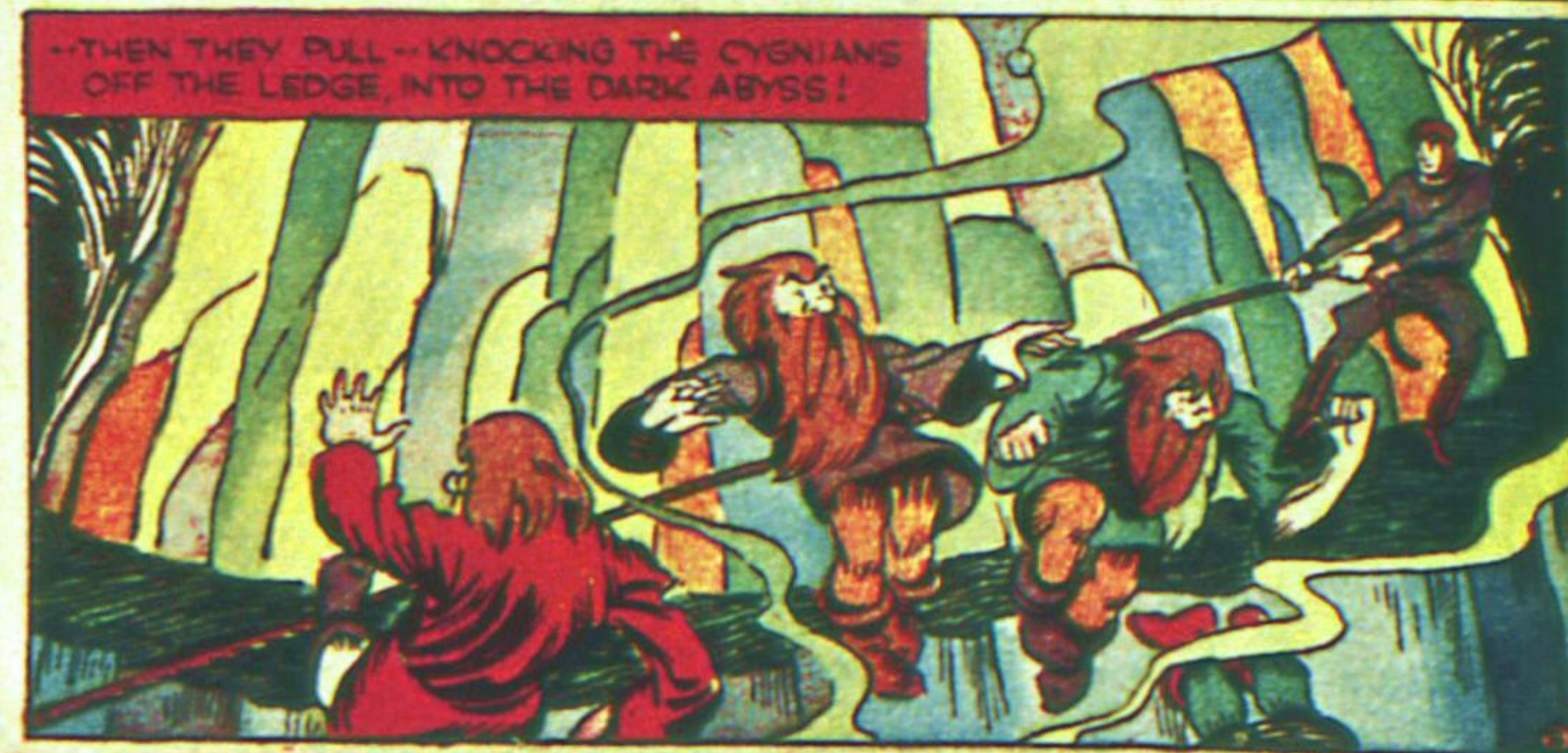
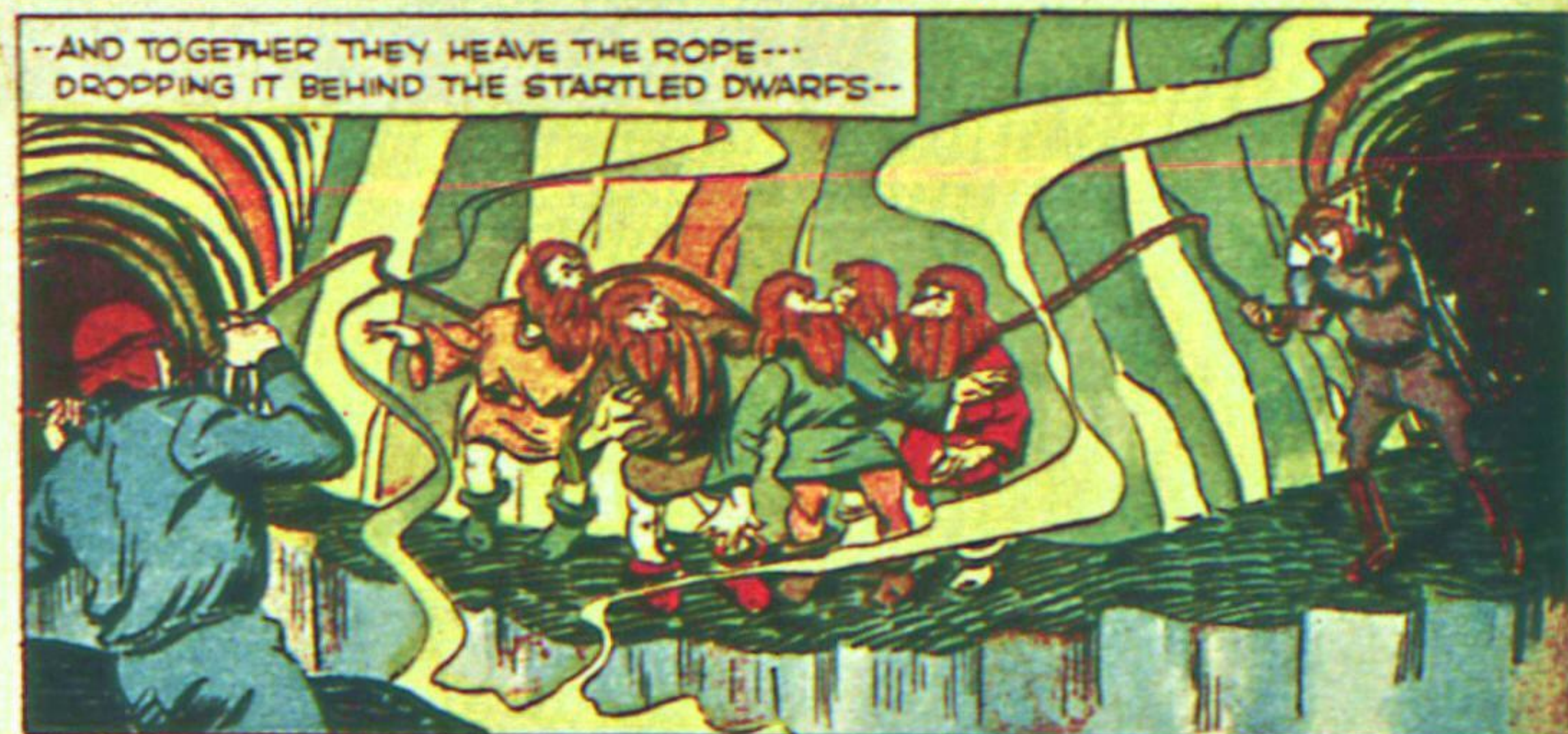
CAREFUL--ONE
MISSTEP WILL SEND
YOU INTO THAT
BOTTOMLESS PIT.

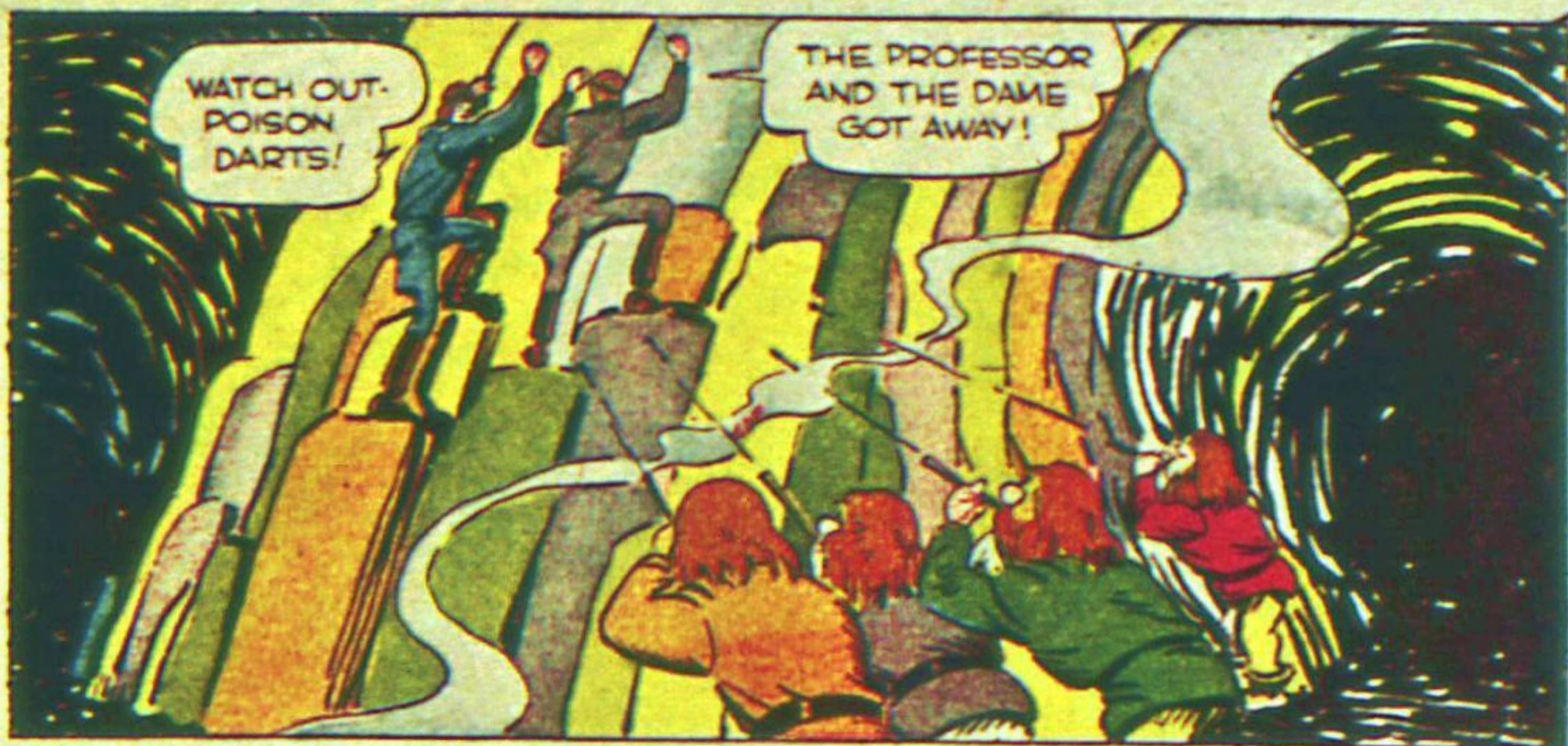
FATHER--LOOK!
THEY ARE COMING
FROM THAT
DIRECTION, TOO!

THE PATH GRA-
DUALY THINS
DOWN TO A
NARROW LEDGE--

OH, ZEPHYR--
HURRY!

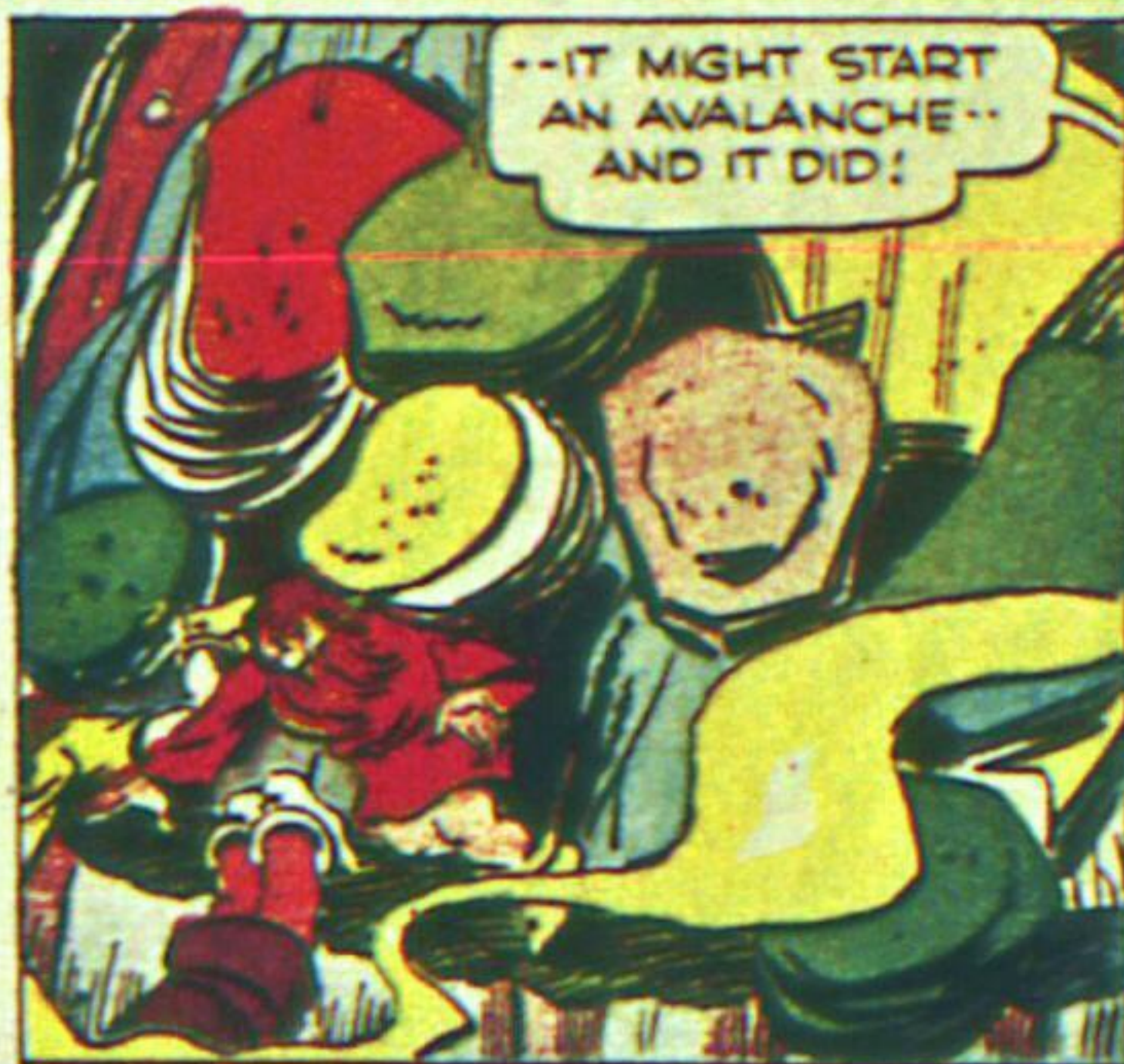
AND THEY
FIND THEM-
SELVES TRAP-
PED BY THE
CYGNIANS!







I FOUND THIS OUT WHEN I WAS A KID ---IF YOU THROW A ROCK WHERE THE DIRT IS LOOSE--

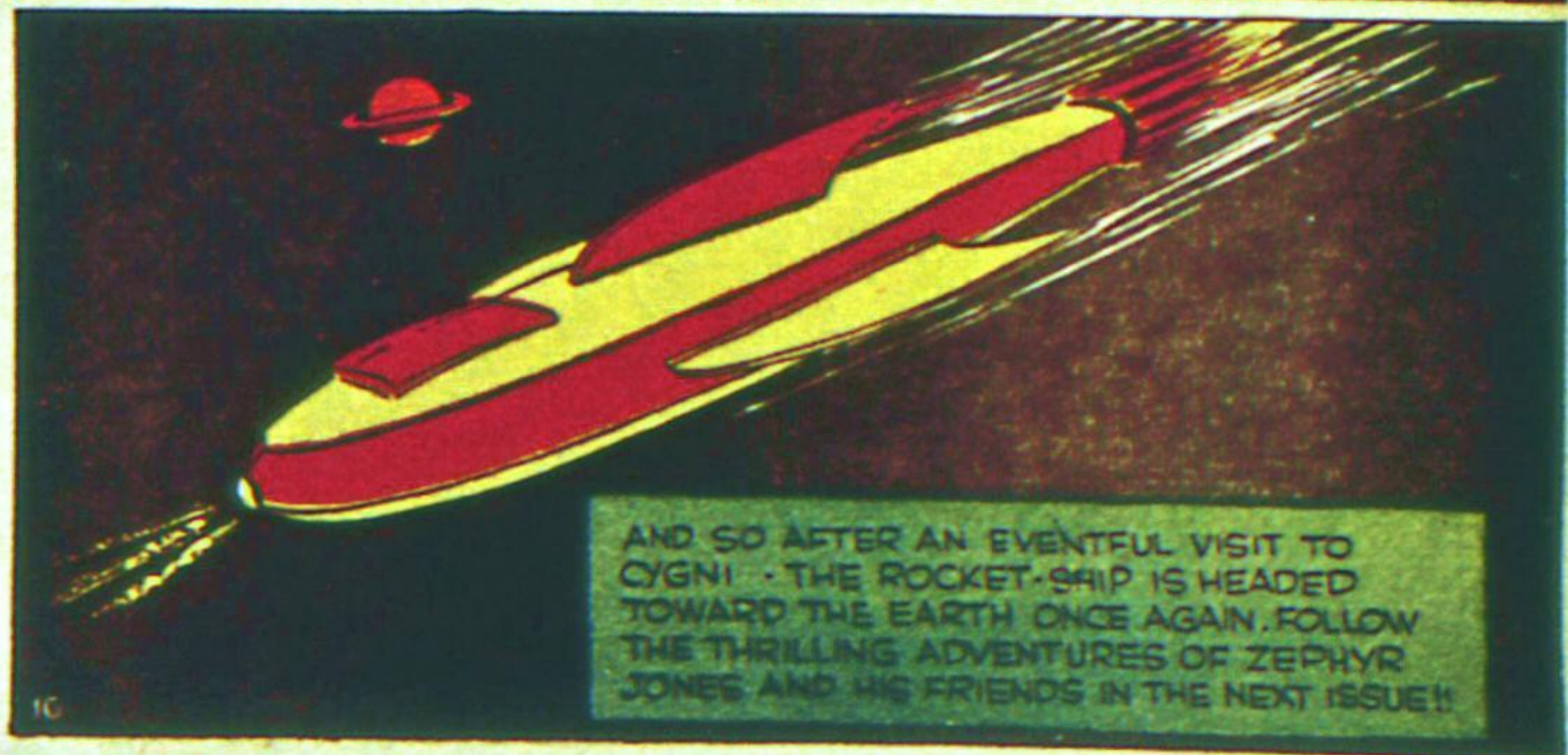


--IT MIGHT START AN AVALANCHE-- AND IT DID!

AND FATHER STOPPED LONG ENOUGH TO SECURE ABOUT FIFTY POUNDS OF HIS BELOVED "STARDUST".

HE GOT STAR-DUST-AND I SAW STARS!

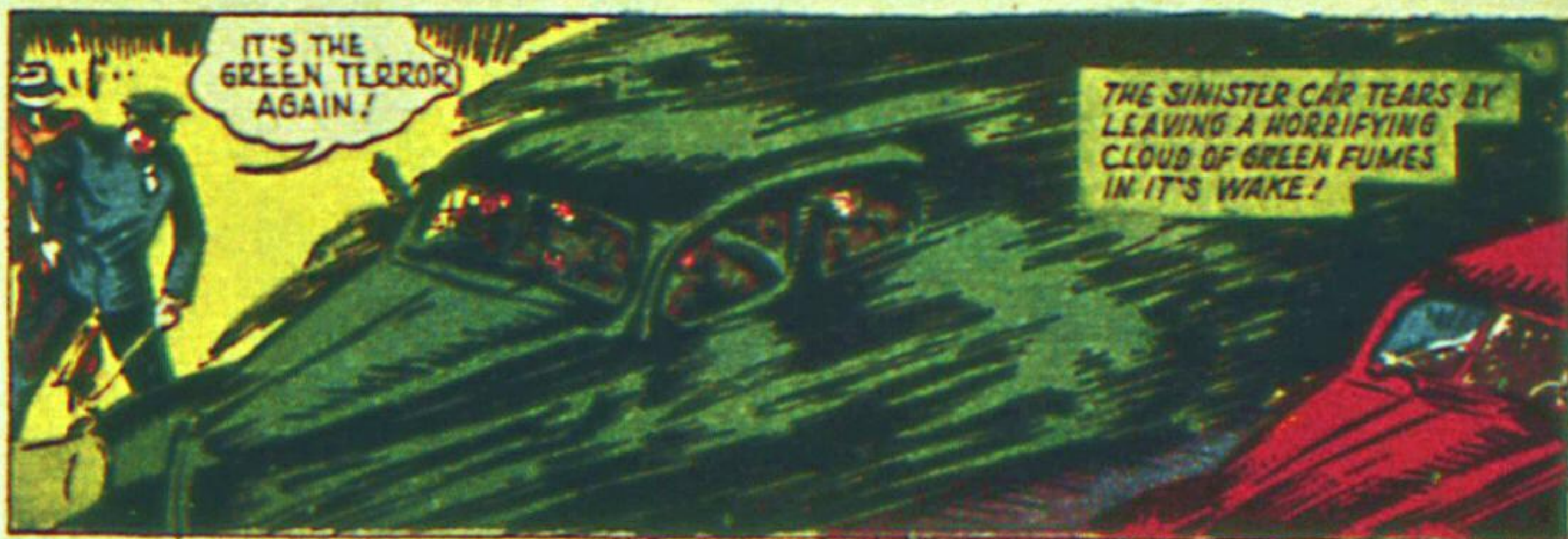
WELL WE'RE TAKING OFF!

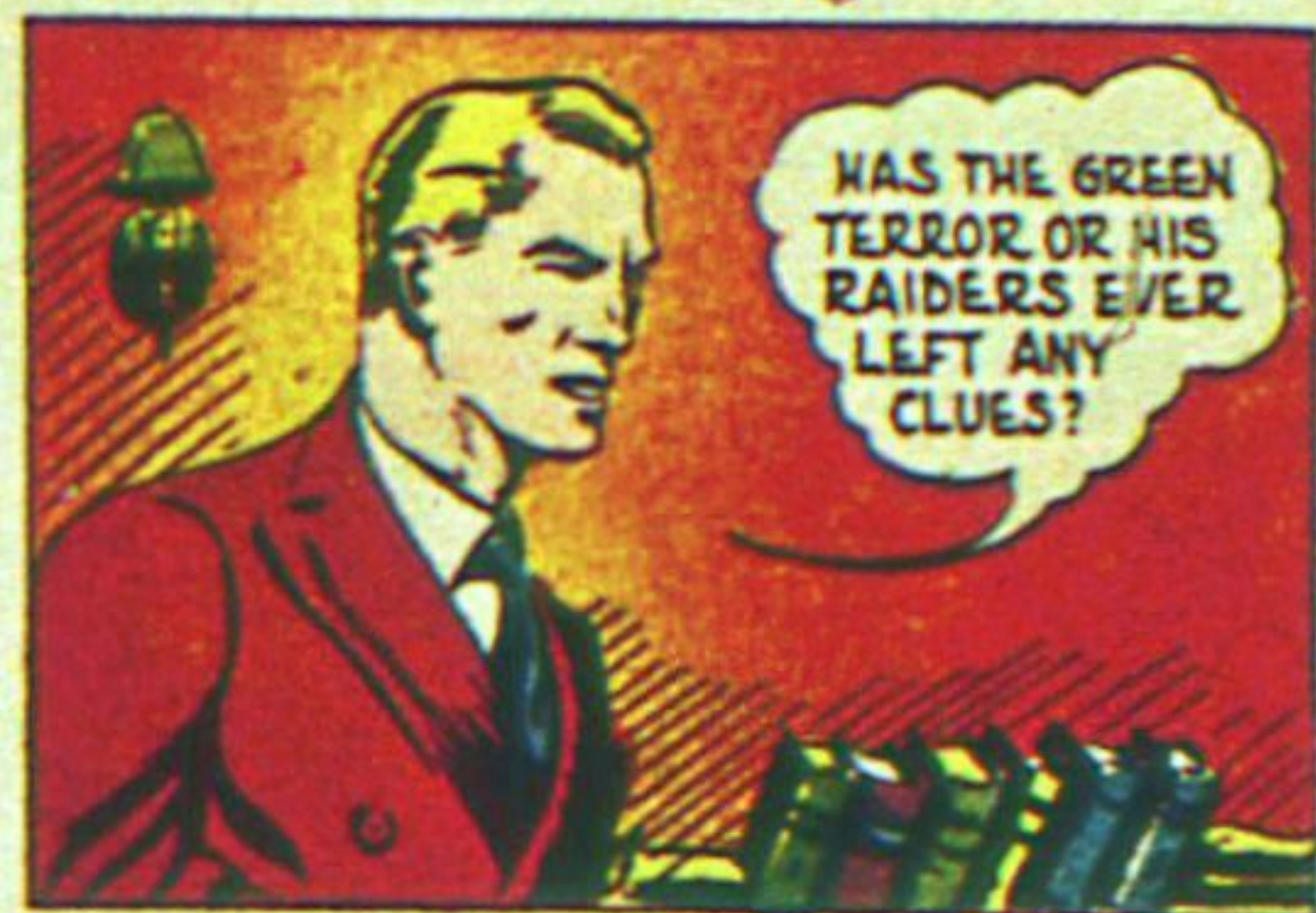


AND SO AFTER AN EVENTFUL VISIT TO CYGNI - THE ROCKET-SHIP IS HEADED TOWARD THE EARTH ONCE AGAIN. FOLLOW THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF ZEPHYR JONES AND HIS FRIENDS IN THE NEXT ISSUE!!

THE 3X'S

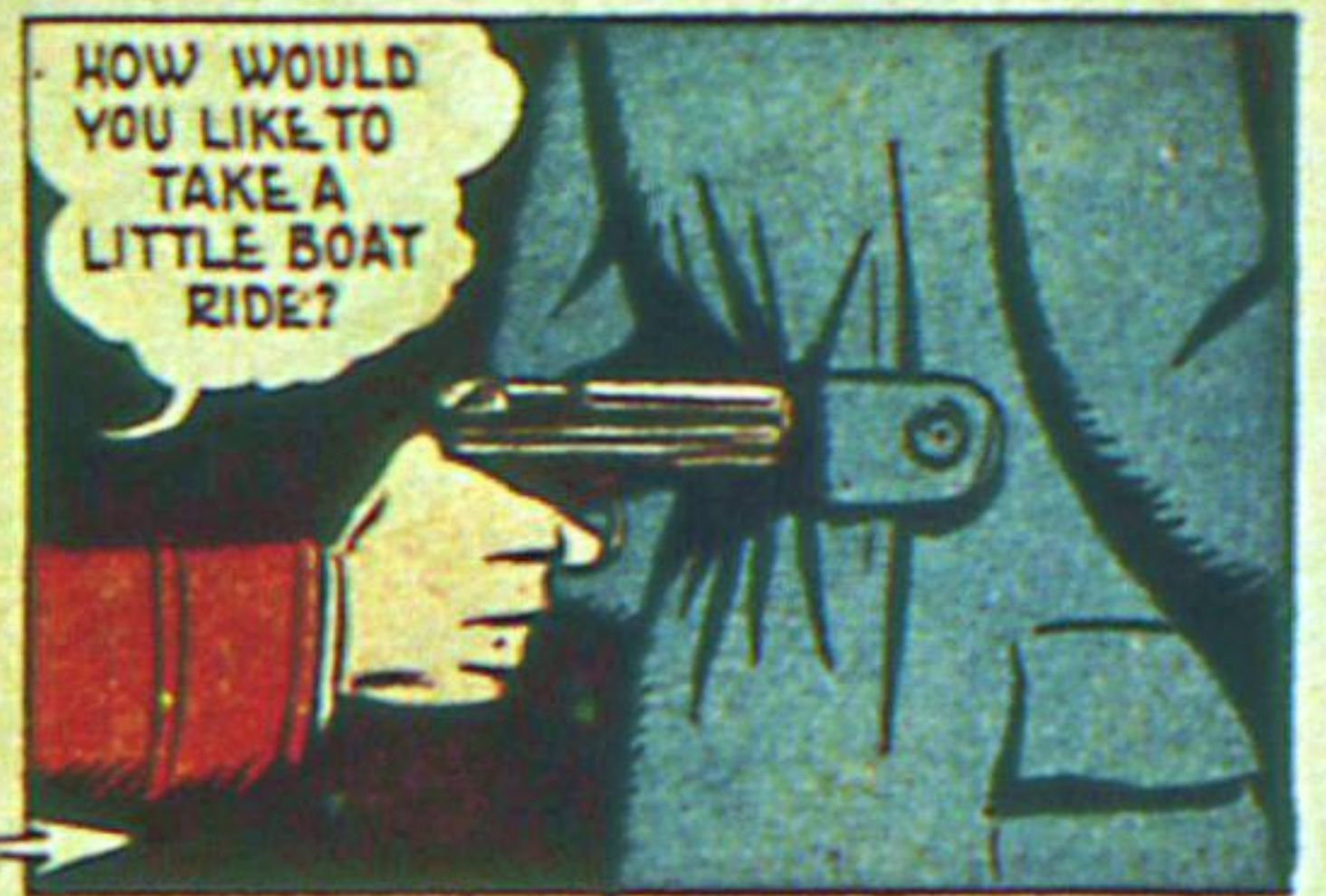
by ROE
MAD HORROR GRIPS
A GREAT METROPOLIS
AS THE SCOURGE OF
THE GREEN TERROR
GRIPS NORTH AMERICA.

















Tex Carr
was slow on
the draw . . .

But he had
nerves of
steel . . .



TOUGH HOMBRE

By Leo Stalnaker

SHE reined her dusty horse close to the board walk where I stood, and I knew what she wanted before she spoke.

"Tim," she begged, and something went out of me. "stop this gunfight between Tex and Bat! Tex won't stand a chance. Bat's a killer! Call Bat off. He's one of your riders—he'll listen to you."

What she said didn't bother me, it was what she meant. She meant she'd decided to marry Tex Carr instead of me, I was too old. I slanted my hat-brim lower over my eyes, trying to hide the set of my

face. "Stella, I've nothin' to do with the quarrel between Bat and Tex.

Maybe she thought I didn't want to stop the street duel. Maybe Tex would be slow on the draw. In that case, I'd still stand a chance with Stella.

"Threaten to fire Bat," she urged. "Bat knows no ranch would give him work after a man like you fired him."

"That wouldn't stop Bat Butler, Stella. Tex and Bat know the town's expectin' this gunfight. Nothin' can stop it." That was the truth. The town lived for a thing like this.

It wanted death.

"Tex can shoot straight," she flared, "but his gun-hand's slow—slow as molasses! And you know Bat's quick as lightning!"

"As fast as I ever saw," I admitted. Men were like that. Some were fast with a gun; others were slow, and no amount of practice seemed to make much difference.

"You don't want to stop it!" she blazed. Then, with fury in every line of her pretty face, she jerked her weathered range hat down tight over her tawny hair, and rode away. She wanted to be out of town at sundown when the shooting started.

I found myself figuring maybe I was too old for Stella. But I'd still do a lot for her, if she wouldn't make matters so hard, putting it that way.

I went over to the Gold Nugget saloon and talked with Bat. He was determined, and confident. I didn't threaten to fire him. I was out on the board walk again when a rider came into town at a long lope. I took out my watch. Tex Carr was a few minutes early. Not many.

Tex rode in a lazy, careless way up to the rack where I waited. He hipped his lithe length over his saddle. "Your gunman here yet?" he drawled. The stoniness in his face was deep-lined and sharp.

Our eyes clashed, and it was like steel meeting steel. "If you mean Bat Butler," I said, "he's over there in the saloon." I indicated the Gold Nugget. "And he's ordered you to leave town 'fore sundown."

I fumbled with my watch, and Tex slipped lithely from his dun horse. He had courage, but there was one thing about Tex: he didn't have sense enough to know he was too slow with a gun. He'd had experience only with men as gun-slow as he was. But this was different.

TEX glanced skyward, to the west, where the sun was behind the clouds.

"Sundown is two minutes past seven," I said, holding up my watch. He looked; his rough-hew face tightened. The watch showed one minute to seven.

He shifted the weighted holster at his side, just the fraction of an inch. "I know when's sundown," he flung back. "Better tell Bat Butler sundown's in three minutes, so he won't disappoint me."

"Bat knows—and he's waitin'."

The street was quiet now. The coyote yip-yaps of drunken cowpunchers had ceased.

Tex waited, stony-faced, his fingers brushing his gun-butt. That gun-grip was not quite suited to a short, thin hand like Tex's. Bat would never overlook a thing like that. The grip of Bat's gun was carved down to exactly fit the palm of his hand, the trigger pull was always just right, and the front sight was taken off to allow a split

fraction of a second more speed in the draw.

Tex glanced occasionally at my watch, and waited. The hands showed seven minutes past seven when he started.

Unhurriedly he went, down the middle of the dusty street, head up, his slender body straight. The cowtown held its breath, waiting for a man to die.

Hard-faced men crouched down behind walls and window ledges, thrilling to the battle, watching for the first blur of motion of some hand whipping down and up.

On Tex marched, with stiff, measured steps, down that street where death had been dealt so often. He came opposite the Gold Nugget, and slowed his march. The saloon doors showed a strip of open space down their center. Suddenly they flapped open. Tex's gun-hand slapped leather and whipped up, but he was slow, terribly, pitifully slow. — his gun seemed glued in the holster. A half drunk cowboy stumbled out through the swing doors, saw Tex, whirled, fell back in the saloon, and Tex leathered his gun.

He started on again, strode square-shouldered to the end of the street, turned, stiffly erect, and marched back. The measured tramp of his bootheels sounded loud in the stillness. He came opposite the Gold Nugget again, passed it, and came on, his spine straight, and unprotected.

When he reached his horse I called admiringly, "That's nerve, Tex! Bat's the fastest gun fighter I ever saw."

He smiled a stony, contemptuous smile and mounted. He put spurs to his big dun, and men scrambled from hiding places. I watched the big dun race out of town and across the shadowy plain, then I stalked into the Gold Nugget.

"Losin' your nerve, Bat?" I asked. "Tex's gone."

Bat's smoky black eyes popped wide. "Gone? It ain't sundown yet!" He pointed to the clock on the wall.

The hands showed ten minutes to seven! I jerked out my watch, held it up. "That clock's wrong! Tex went by my watch."

Boots scraped as the tension eased.

"Better set yore watch," somebody mumbled.

I stalked out. Then I set my watch — turned the hands back to where they would be now if I hadn't set them up more than twenty minutes when I saw Tex ride into town.

I knew Tex had no watch.



THE DEEP SEA DEMON



DAVE DEAN, INTREPID ADVENTURER, DARES THE PERILS OF A TROPIC SEA IN SEARCH OF PEARLS.



WHAT IF THEM NATIVES ARE RIGHT AND THERE IS GHOSTS IN THESE WATERS ?

YOU'RE GOING NATIVE YOURSELF WATER GHOSTS-HUMPH ! I'M LOOKING FOR PEARLS.



I'D FEEL BETTER IF WING PO WASN'T ON THAT SHIP !

WHAT CAN HE DO ? HE HAS NO DIVING EQUIPMENT. STOP WORRYING !



DOWN YOU GO AND GOOD LUCK ! IF YOU SEE ANYTHING, SIGNAL AND I'LL PULL YOU UP !

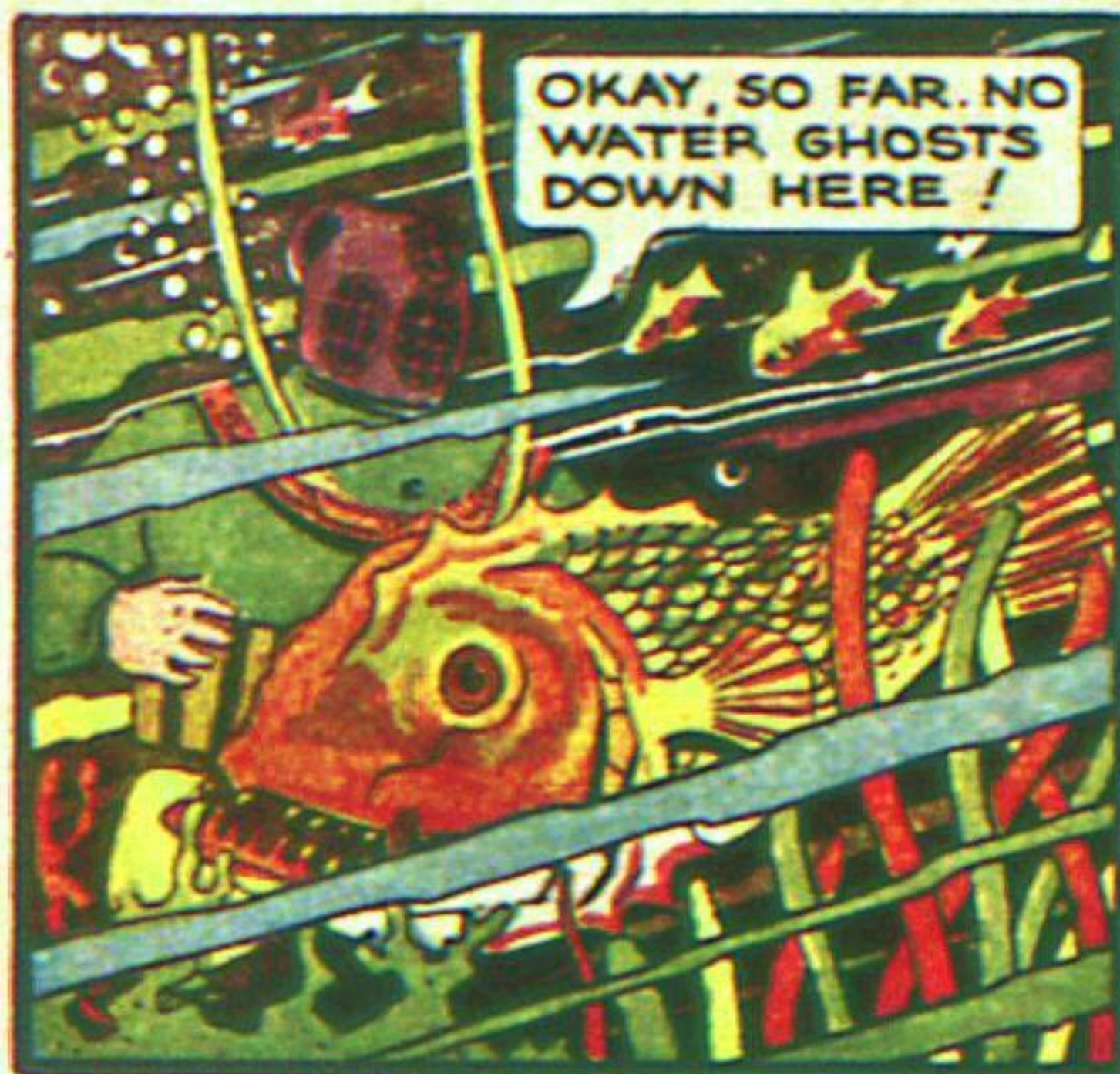


THE FOOL ! MAY THE DEVILS OF THE DEEP TAKE HIM !



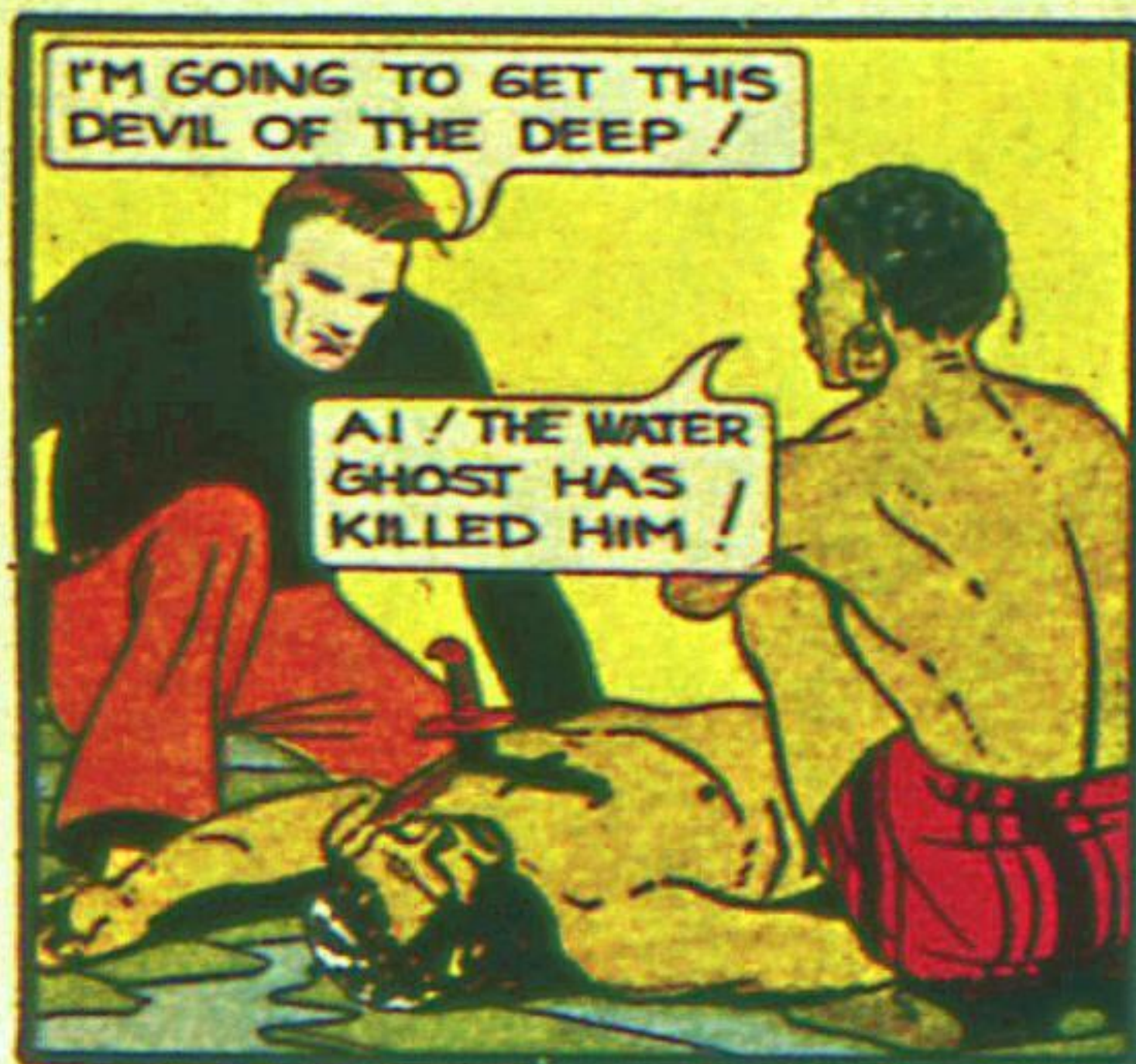
MAYBE IF I GET CLOSE-

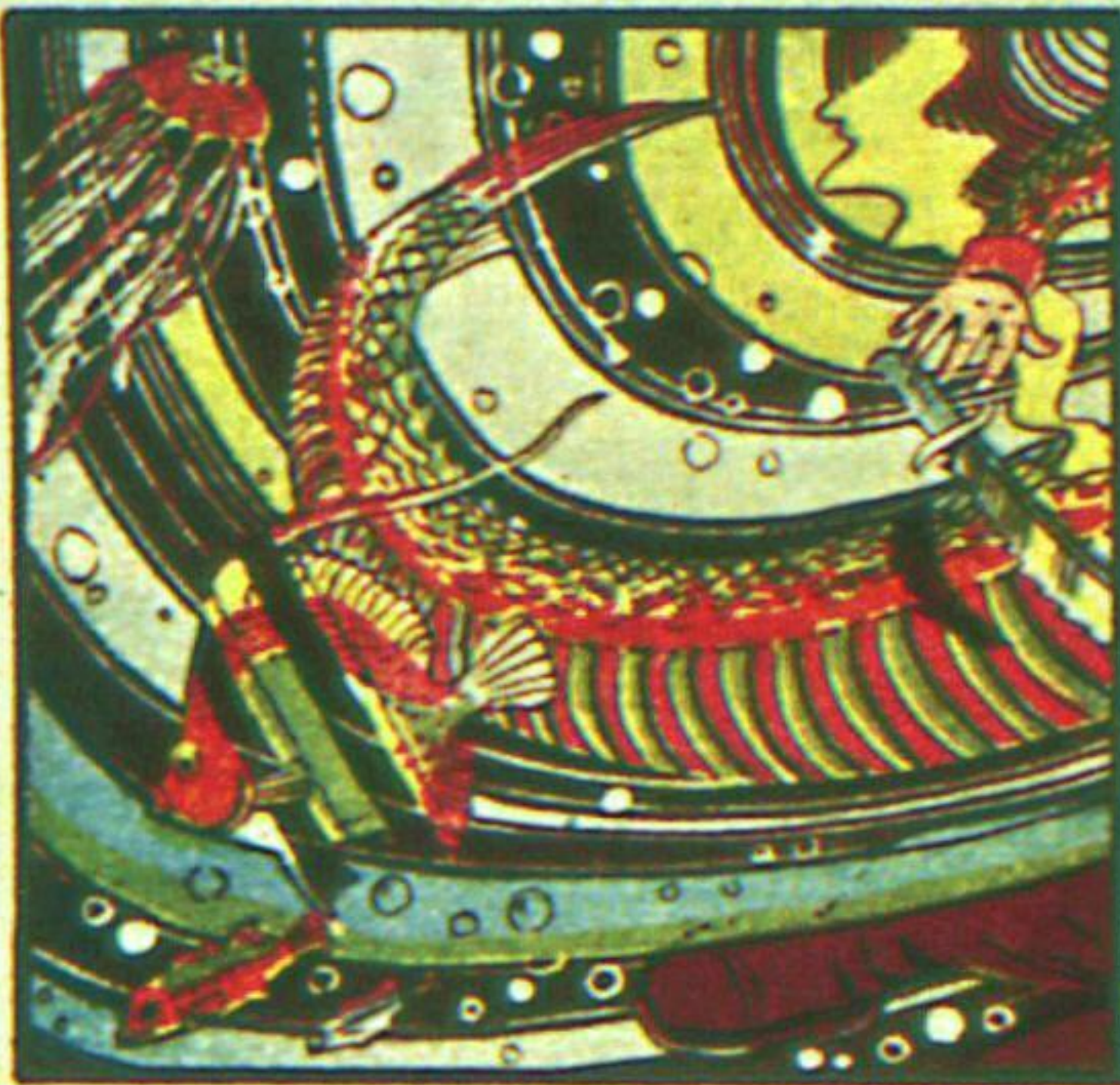
NEVER MIND HIM. FIND ME PEARLS ! WE SHALL TAKE CARE OF HIM LATER.











SEND DOWN ANOTHER LINE, SHORTY,
AND TAKE THIS ONE UP. YOU'LL FIND
THE WATER GHOST AT THE END OF IT.



HE DIDN'T WANT ME
TO SEE THAT SUNKEN
SHIP BECAUSE HE
SANK IT !

HE'S NOT DEAD
THERE WAS
OXYGEN IN HIS
FREE DIVING
SUIT !!



HE DYNAMITED HIS COUSIN'S YACHT
AND TRIED TO SCARE ME AWAY
SO I WOULDN'T FIND OUT.

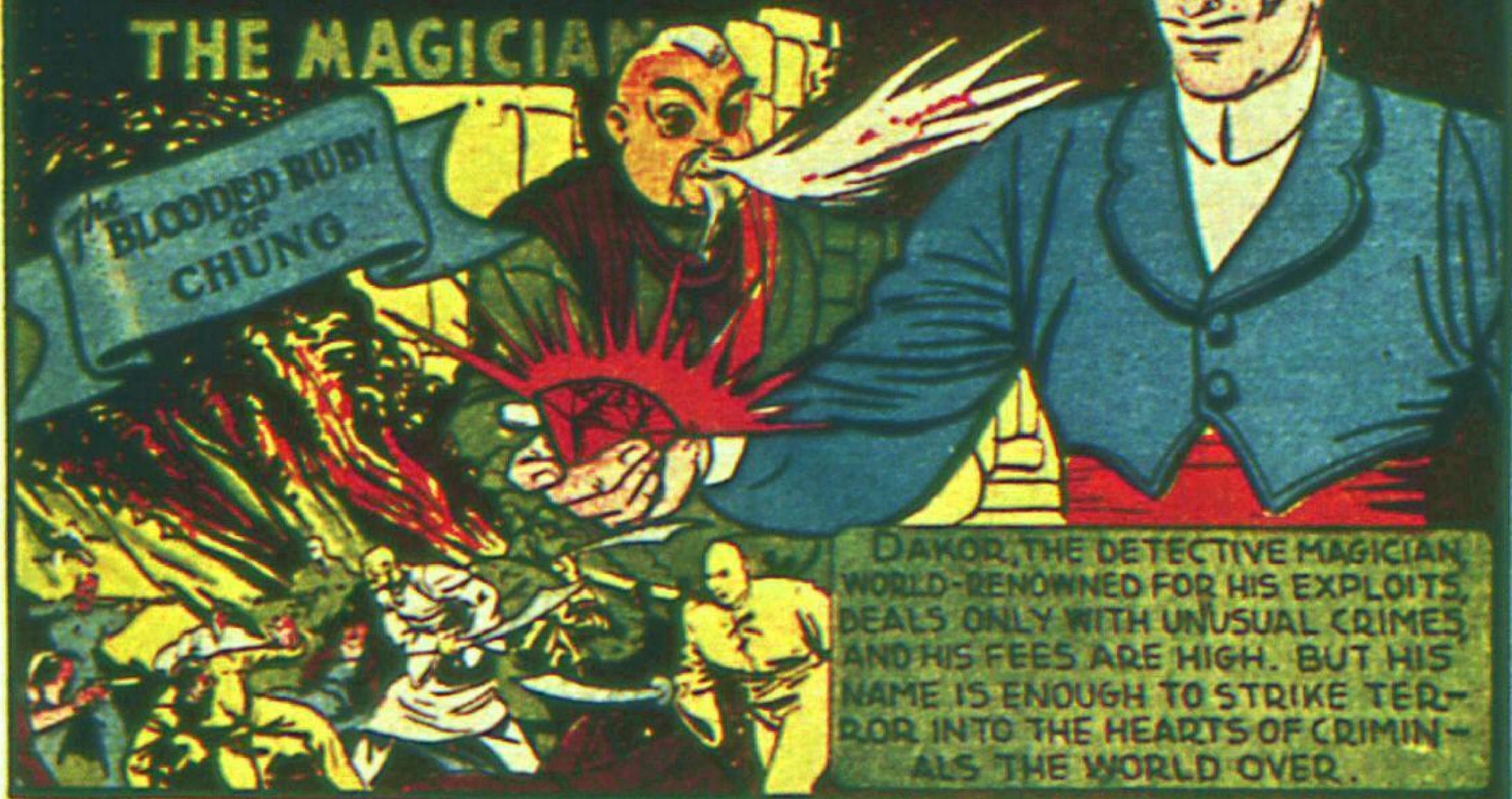
TO GET HIS
COUSIN'S
FORTUNE !

BUT HE WON'T SAVE
HIMSELF THIS TIME !



DAKOR

THE MAGICIAN



DAKOR, THE DETECTIVE MAGICIAN, WORLD-RENOUNDED FOR HIS EXPLOITS, DEALS ONLY WITH UNUSUAL CRIMES, AND HIS FEES ARE HIGH. BUT HIS NAME IS ENOUGH TO STRIKE TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF CRIMINALS THE WORLD OVER.



THINGS ARE A LITTLE QUIET OF LATE. WILLIAMS GUESS PEOPLE CAN'T AFFORD HIGH-PRICED CRIMES THESE DAYS.

PERHAPS IT'S THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM.

INSIDE THE OFFICE OF DAKOR, THE MAGICIAN.



THE RUBY, THE BLOODED RUBY, THEY'VE STOLEN IT

HE'S BEEN SHOT.

SUDDENLY



I WAS ON MY WAY TO YOU WITH THE RUBY... WANTED YOU FOR PROTECTION... SHOT FROM BEHIND GO TO MY FATHER HE....

THE NEW COMER TELLS THE STORY.



HE'S DEAD!



DARBLEU! I AM SORRY BUT WHEN
A MAN JOINS THE FRENCH FOREIGN
LEGION, HIS PAST IS FORGOTTEN.
WE CANNOT GEEVE HIM UP.

IN THAT CASE,
I WILL JOIN
THE LEGION.

HMM. NOT A VERY PLEASANT
LOOKING CREW. THEY WOULD CUT
YOUR THROAT FOR THE PRICE OF
A CUP OF COFFEE.

DAKOR FOLLOWS OUT HIS PLAN, AND IS NOW IN THE LEGION.

TRY TO STEAL MY POUCH
WILL YOU, I'LL...

IT'S HIM-
DENVER!

SUDDENLY A FIGHT STARTS.
DAKOR RECOGNIZES ONE
OF THE MEN.

IT'S MINE ALL MINE
AND ANYBODY THAT
TRIES TO TAKE IT FROM
ME...

BETTER TURN IT OVER IF YOU
KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU.

SLIT HIS THROAT, AND
TAKE IT FROM HIM!

THE CUT-THROAT LEGIONAIRES HAVE GOTTEN WIND OF THE RUBY OF CHUNG.

HIVVIN PRESERVE US!
IT'S THE BANSHEE!

WHAT THE...

AT THAT MOMENT DAKOR TAKES A
HAND. LIONS APPEAR FROM NO-
WHERE. THE MEN CRINGE.

THAT NIGHT—DENVER HAS BEEN HYDNOTIZED BY DAKOR, SO AS NOT TO AWAKEN. BUT THE NIGHT GUARD STUMBLES UPON THE SCENE.

NOW FOR THE RUBY.

I THINK I'VE GOT IT. OW!

THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO PUT YOUR HANDS WHERE THEY BELONG!

BIEN! THERE IS HONOR AMONG THIEVES HERE.

DAKOR IS ABSORBED IN HIS TASK, AND HIS USUALLY SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING FAILS TO DETECT THE STEALTHY APPROACH OF THE GUARD.

DAKOR IS PUT IN THE GUARDHOUSE.

THE NEXT DAY, THE TUAREGS, FEROCIOUS DESERT RAIDERS, ARE SIGHTED.

ALL PRISONERS TO THEIR POSTS. THE TUAREGS ARE ATTACKING!

ALL PRISONERS ARE FREED.

WE'VE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN, POUR IT INTO 'EM!

THIS IS MORE THAN I BARGAINED FOR.

THERE IS A TERRIFIC BATTLE FOR HOURS, AS THE TUAREGS ARE SLOWLY FORCED TO RETREAT.



I MUSTN'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

DAKOR SUDDENLY SPOTS DENVER DESERTING, AND MAKING A GETAWAY.



GET BACK TO YOUR POST, OR I'LL SHOOT!

WITH WHAT? SNAKES DON'T HAVE BULLETS.

DAKOR'S ATTEMPTED GETAWAY IS STOPPED.



DIABLE! I AM BEWITCHED!

THE OFFICER IS HORRIFIED TO SEE A WRITHING SNAKE IN HIS HAND.



DAKOR STILL HAS A HYPNOTIC SPELL OVER HIM, BUT DENVER'S MIND IS SO CRAZED WITH FEAR AND AVARICE, THAT IT IS STRONGER THAN HIS WILL.



WHAT'S THIS?

MAYLO KOWNU, TUAREG.

DAKOR IS AMBUSHED BY A BAND OF LOITERING TUAREGS.



HE IS TAKEN TO THE TUAREG STRONGHOLD.



HELLO! YOU HERE, TOO? THIS IS A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

YOU'LL NEVER GET THE BLOODED RUBY. I'VE HIDDEN IT!

DAKOR SEES DENVER.



YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE IT UP, DENVER!

THE TUAREG GUARD OVERHEARS THE CONVERSATION.







THE

DYNAMIC MAN

BY
DANIEL
PETROS
©

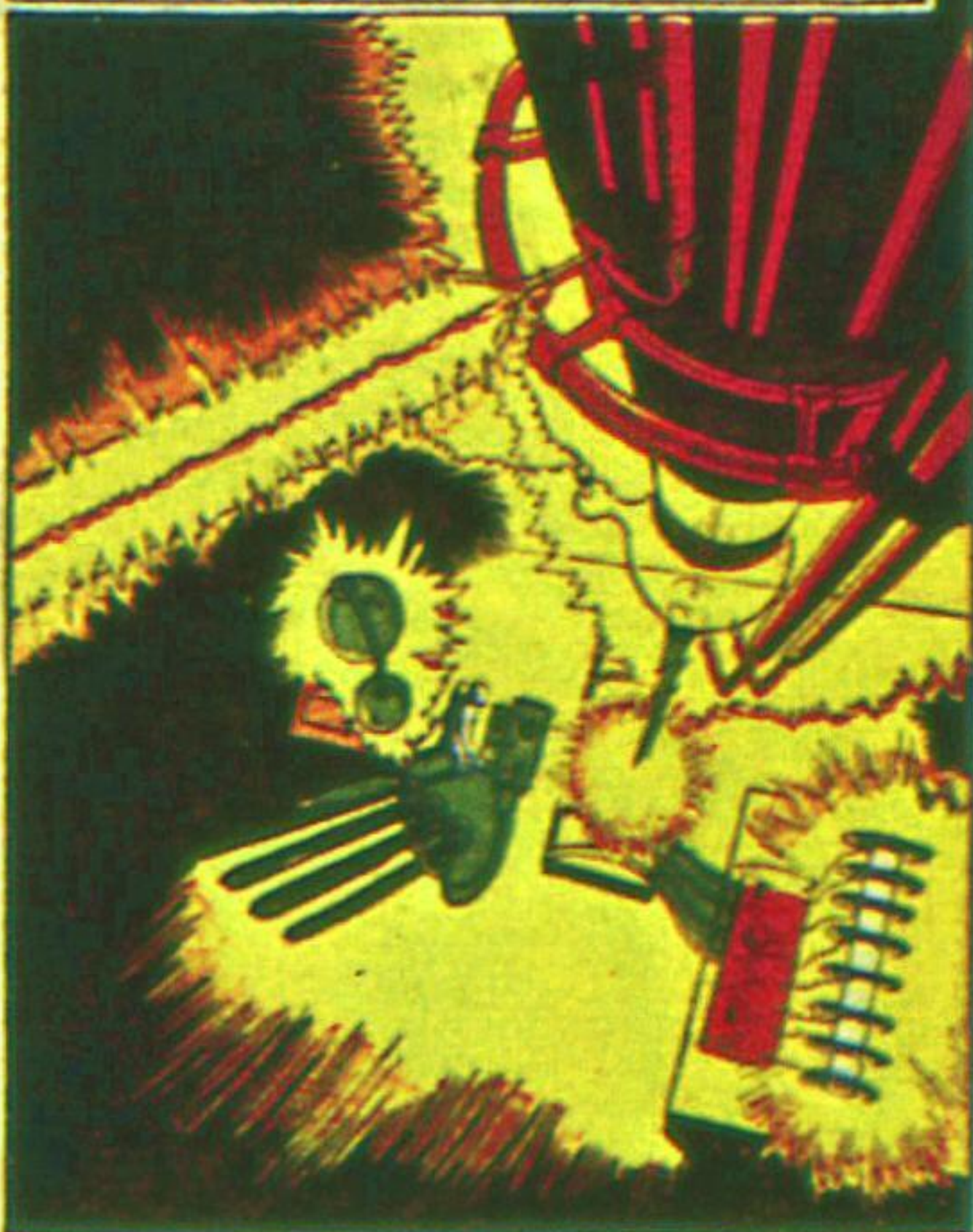


THE DYNAMIC MAN, MAN OF THE FUTURE, THE PERFECT MAN OF TODAY, DEVOTING HIS SUPER POWERS TO THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION, AND THE EXTERMINATION OF ALL ITS ENEMIES. HE CONSTANTLY ENDEAVORS TO BRING CLOSER THE WORLD OF TOMORROW.

ON A LOFTY MOUNTAIN TOP, UNKNOWN TO THE WORLD, STANDS A DISMAL LOOKING CASTLE SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY.



WITHIN THIS FOREBODING STRUCTURE IS SEEN A SOLEMN FIGURE STANDING IN THE MIDST OF WEIRD APPARATUS.



IT'S THE LABORATORY OF PROFESSOR GOETTLE, OUTSTANDING SCIENTIST.



THERE IS A THUNDEROUS CRACKLING OF ELECTRICITY... IS IT SUCCESS OR FAILURE?



BUT THE PROFESSOR IS NEVER TO KNOW... THE EXCITEMENT IS TOO MUCH FOR HIM... HE FALLS DEAD.



SUCCESS...



THIS MUST HAVE BEEN MY CREATOR... I SEEM TO KNOW FOR WHAT PURPOSE I WAS BROUGHT INTO THIS WORLD. I WON'T FAIL HIM!



I CAN SEE THROUGH WALLS, CHANGE MY APPEARANCE... THAT WILL... EVEN CREATE A MAGNETIC FIELD ABOUT ME TO ENABLE ME TO FLY!



THE DYNAMIC MAN NOW EURT COWAN WASTES NO TIME IN CARRYING OUT HIS MISSION. HE IS NOW TAKING AN EXAMINATION TO BECOME AN FBI AGENT.

THE PROFESSOR DID A GOOD JOB ON MY BRAIN. THIS EXAM'S A SNAP!

HOLY SMOKE! THIS EXAM'S TOUGH! WHAT DO THEY THINK WE ARE, SUPER-BRAINS!



CURT COWAN IS SUMMONED TO THE OFFICE OF ONE OF THE F.B.I. OFFICIALS.

COWAN, THIS IS AMAZING—YOU HAVEN'T A MISTAKE IN ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT EXAMINATIONS EVER GIVEN!

THANK YOU, SIR. I GUESS HARD STUDY PAYS DIVIDENDS.



COWAN EXCELS IN PHYSICAL EXAMINATIONS AS WELL—HIS STEEL-LIKE NERVES BRING HIM A SPOTLESS RECORD AT TARGET PRACTICE.

WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT? ALL PERFECT SHOTS!

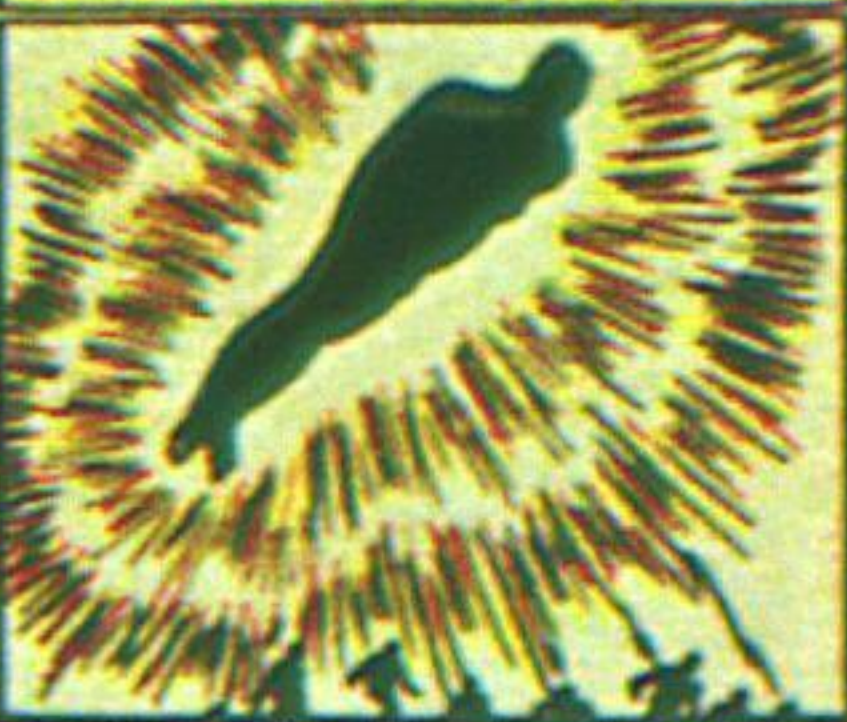


COWAN HAS COME THROUGH WITH FLYING COLORS AND IS BEING CONGRATULATED BY A SUPERVISOR.

GOOD WORK YOU ARE NOW A MEMBER OF THE F.B.I.



DYNAMIC MAN UNKNOWN AS SUCH EVEN TO THE F.B.I. BECOMES A SCOURGE OF CRIME.



CURT COWAN IS ABOUT TO BE SENT OUT ON AN ASSIGNMENT.



WE'VE BEEN GETTING CRANK LETTERS FROM A FARMER WHICH I WANT YOU TO INVESTIGATE. . . MERELY A FORMALITY. .



WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

HE CLAIMS SOMEONE IS KEEPING THE RAIN AWAY AND CAUSING A DROUGHT. .



ONCE AGAIN, THE DYNAMIC MAN



I'LL SAVE THE F.B.I. TRAIN FARE AND USE MY OWN MEANS OF CONVEYANCE.



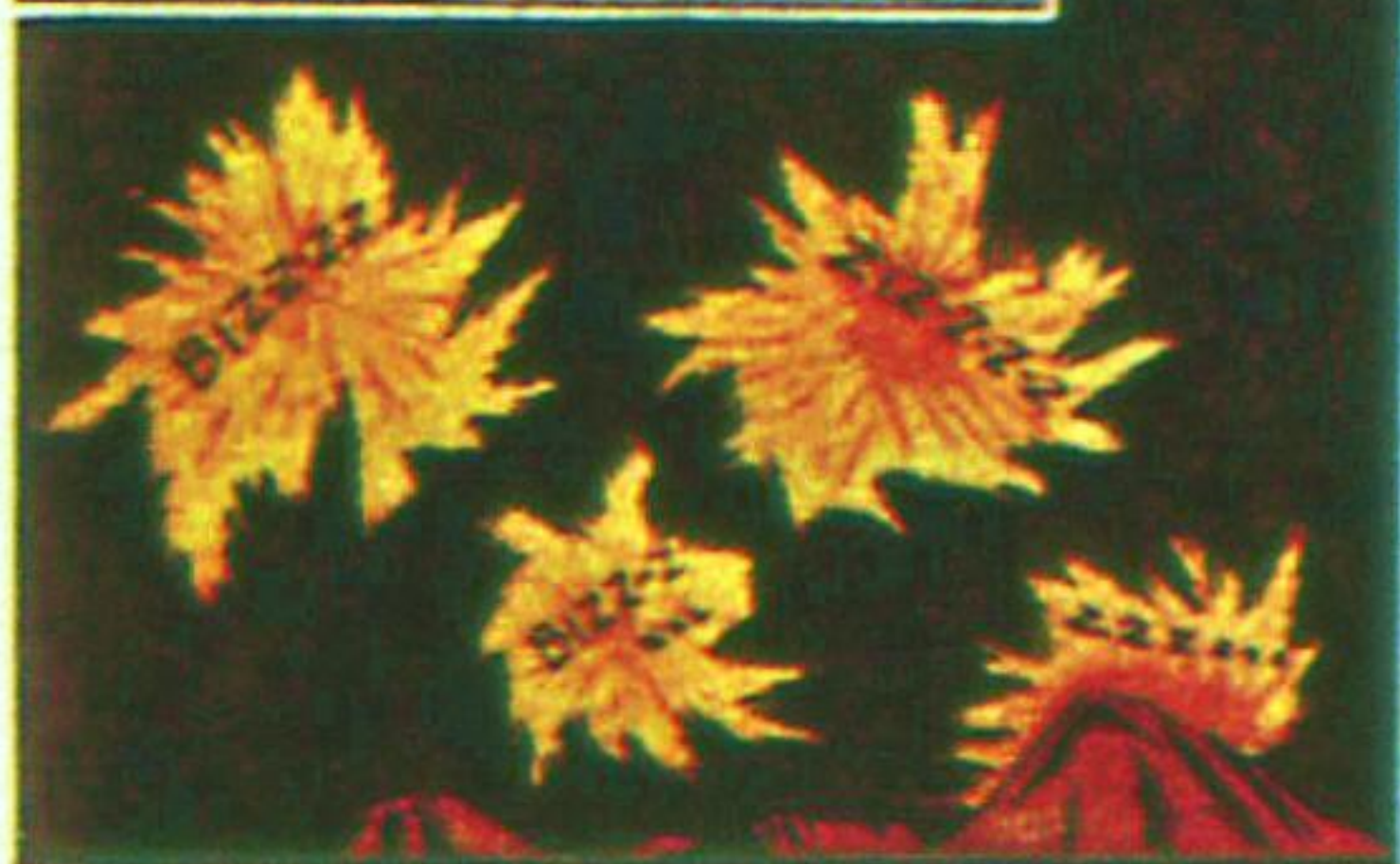
ELECTROLYZING THE ATOMS OF HIS COSTUME TO AN ASTOUNDING VELOCITY DYNAMIC MAN MAKES HIS COSTUME INVISIBLE. HE LANDS IN CIVILIAN ATTIRE.



TOHNSON SAID BOLTS OF LIGHTNING SHOOT OUT FROM THOSE MOUNTAINS EVERY NIGHT



AFTER A LONG WAIT... THEN?



IMMEDIATELY, HE HEADS FOR THE HILLS.

GREAT GHOSTS! HE WAS RIGHT. THIS NEEDS A BIT OF SLEUTHING.

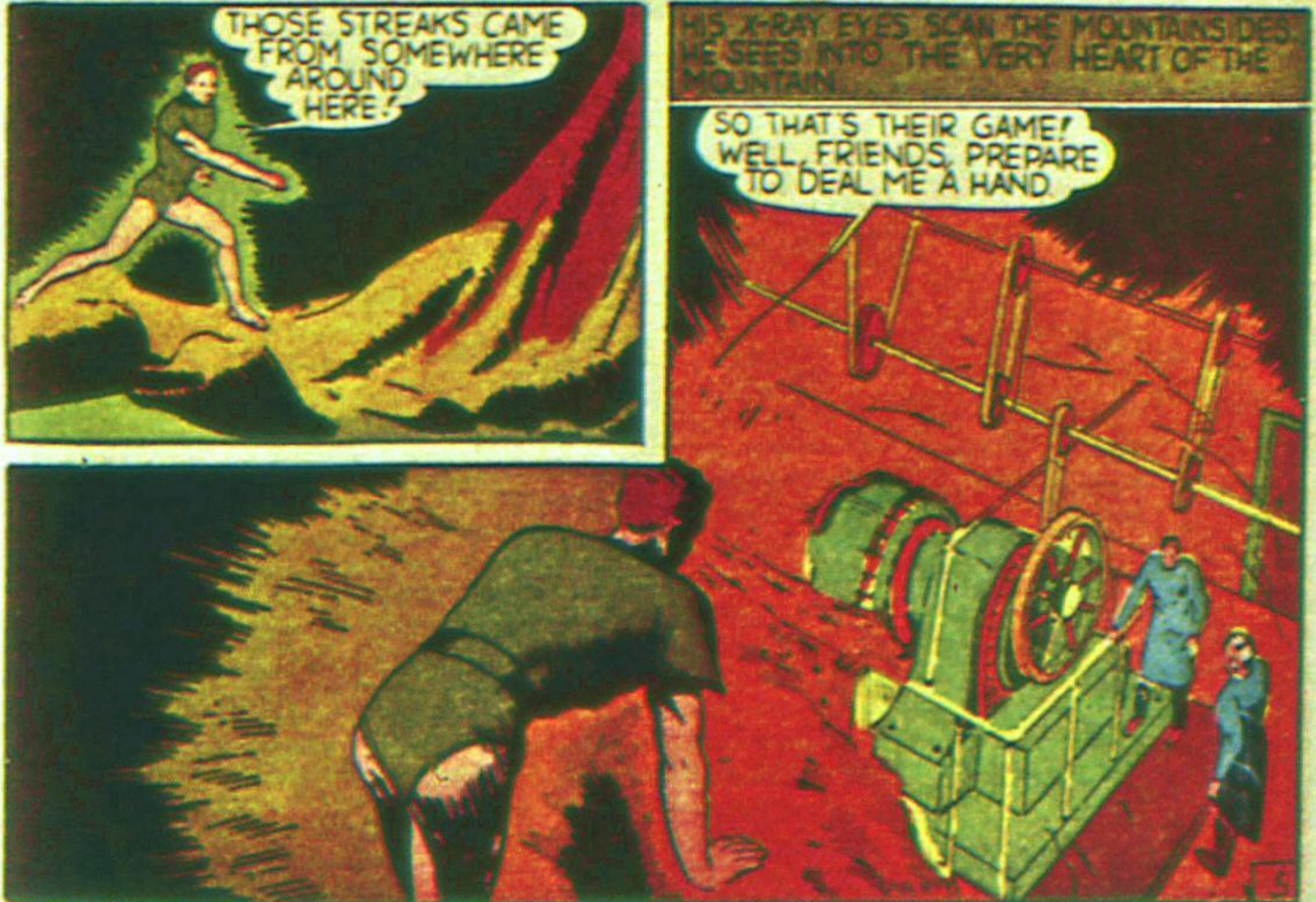


THOSE STREAKS CAME FROM SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE!



HIS X-RAY EYES SCAN THE MOUNTAINSIDES. HE SEES INTO THE VERY HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN.

SO THAT'S THEIR GAME! WELL, FRIENDS, PREPARE TO DEAL ME A HAND.





THE BULLETS BOUNCE BACK OFF HIS CHEST! DYNAMICMAN RENDERS THE MEN HELPLESS BY RELIEVING THEM OF THEIR GUNS WITH A MAGNETIC FIELD WHICH HE HAS CREATED ABOUT HIM - NOW DYNAMICMAN DOES SOME THUNDERBOLT FLINGING HIMSELF



OVER THE ISLAND ESTATE OF THE UNSCRUPULOUS KING BASCOM



KING BASCOM IN HIS ISLAND HOME



ANOTHER OF HIS SCIENTIST'S INVENTIONS, ADVANCED TELEVISION, FLASHES A CALL FOR BASCOM.



SO THE DYNAMIC MAN HAS DESTROYED OUR DYNAMOS ON HIS WAY HERE! I'LL TEACH HIM TO TRY TO INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS!



SEARING HIS WAY THROUGH THE ROOF AND CEILING AS THROUGH BUTTER, DYNAMIC MAN BURSTS INTO THE ROOM.



DYNAMIC MAN IS SPRAYED WITH LIQUID LANTHOLUM, A RARE EARTH ELEMENT WHICH IS INSULATING AND CORROSIVE



DYNAMIC MAN IS TEMPORARILY PARALYZED



THE DYNAMIC MAN RECOVERS HIS SENSES IN THE SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED CELL.

I CAN'T SEE THROUGH THESE WALLS! THE ROOM IS BEING FLOODED WITH A FREEZING LIQUID - IT'S NUMBING MY MUSCLES!



IN KING BASCOM'S ROOM

WELL THAT DISPOSES OF THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD HAVE FRUSTRATED OUR PLANS.



BOYS GET READY FOR A HASTY AIR-PLANE DEPARTURE! WE'LL GO TO THE FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVE, COMPLETE THE DEAL AND CONTINUE OPERATIONS FROM SOME DISTANT COUNTRY!



BACK IN THE CELL - THE CEILING IS SLIDING DOWNWARD TO CRUSH THE DYNAMIC MAN

BASCOM IS TAKING NO CHANCES OF MY GETTING OUT ALIVE!



FLEXING HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES, THE DYNAMIC MAN PITS HIS SUPER-HERCULEAN STRENGTH AGAINST THE DESCENDING CEILING



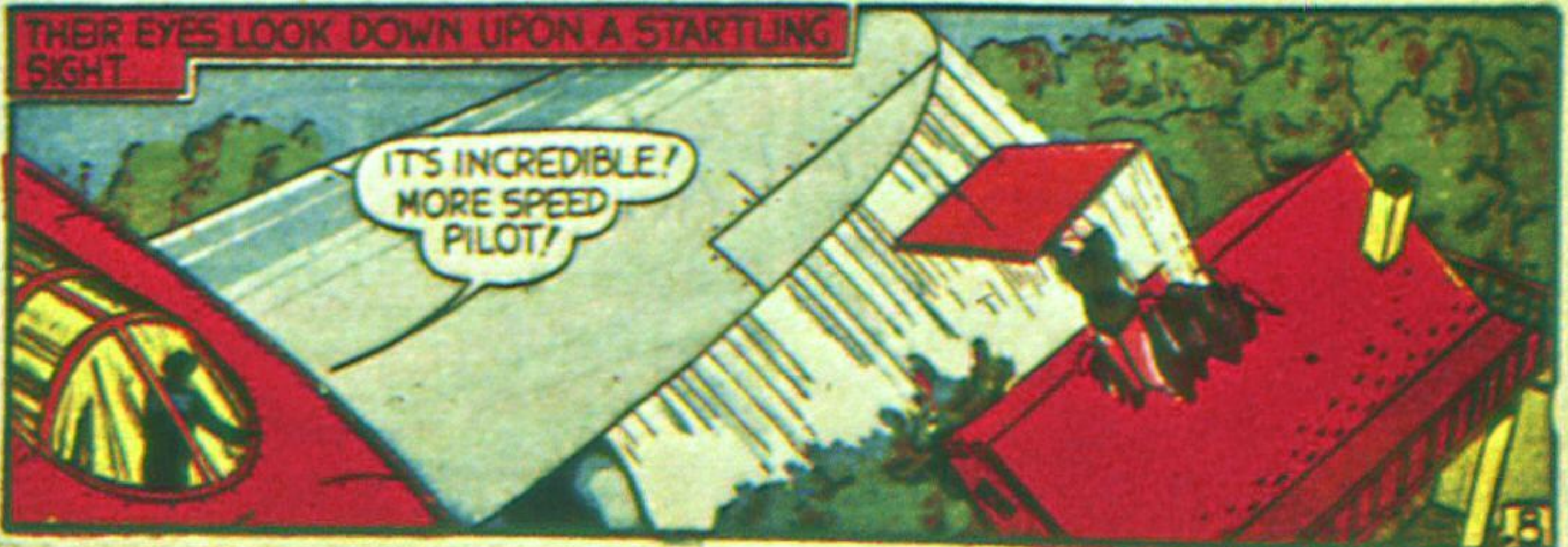
DYNAMIC MAN MUST BE CRUSHED TO A PULP!

L-LOOK! BELOW!!



THEIR EYES LOOK DOWN UPON A STARTLING SIGHT

IT'S INCREDIBLE! MORE SPEED PILOT!



THE DYNAMIC MAN GIVES CHASE. THE QUARRY IS SIGHTED.



WELL, WE LOST HIM!

WE'RE LANDING, CHIEF!



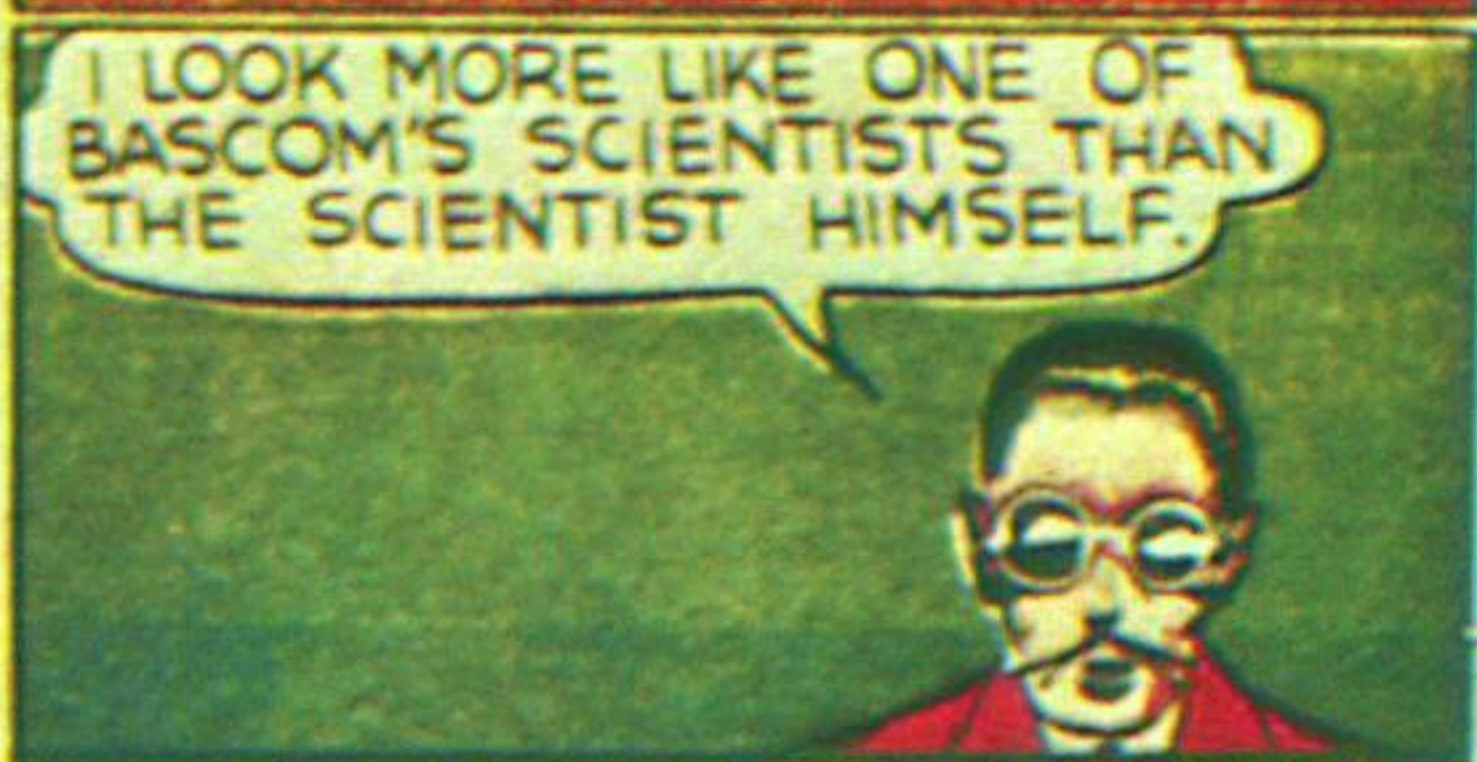
AN AGENT OF THE RICHONIAN GOVERNMENT MEETS THEM.



THE DYNAMIC MAN FORMULATES A PLAN.



THE ELECTRO-AUTOMATIC ARRANGEMENT OF HIS PHYSICAL APPEARANCE IS RE-ARRANGED.



THE DYNAMIC MAN HAS NO TROUBLE GAINING ADMITTANCE IN HIS NEW DISGUISE.





BEFORE THE DYNAMIC MAN CAN EFFECT A CHANGE INTO HIS OWN ROLE, A SECRET SUMMONS FROM THE AGENT BRINGS SWARMS OF OTHERS!



KING BASCOM HAS MADE HIS ESCAPE IN THE PLANE!



THE DYNAMIC MAN SURROUNDS THE HOUSE WITH A LIVING WALL OF ELECTRICITY. THE MEN CANNOT GET OUT ALIVE!



THE DYNAMIC MAN STALLS THE MOTOR OF THE FLEEING PLANE!

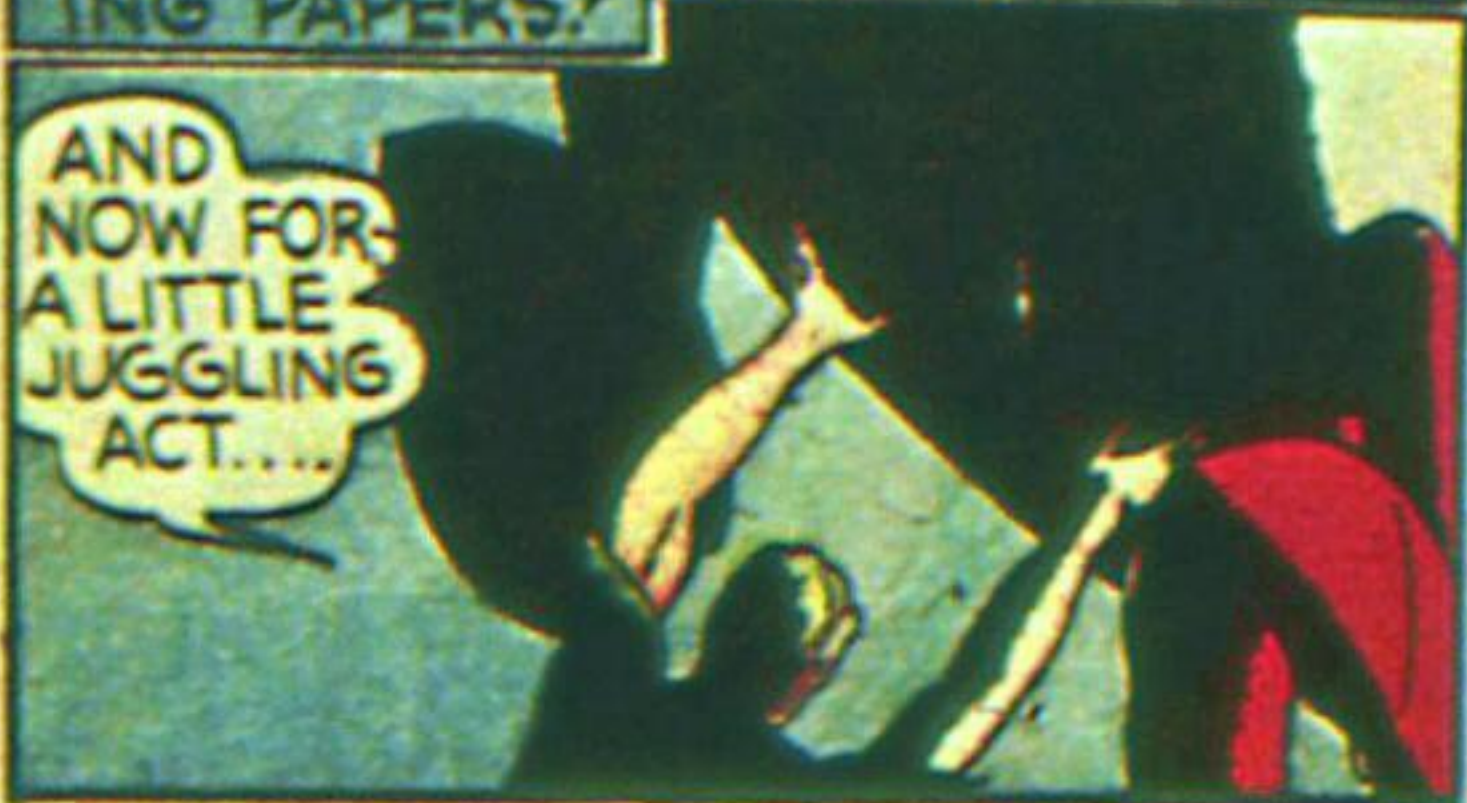


BASCOM BAILS OUT OF THE PLANE THE PILOT BEFORE DOING THE SAME RELEASES A SMOKE SCREEN!



THE DYNAMIC MAN DIVES FOR THE FLOATING PLANE AND THE INCRIMINATING PAPERS!

AND NOW FOR A LITTLE JUGGLING ACT....



MORE EVIDENCE OF THE DYNAMIC MAN'S STRENGTH OF TO-MORROW, AS HE CARRIES THE PLANE EARTHWARD!



AND FINDS THE PAPERS! HE RUSHES OUT TO GET BASCOM!

HAPPY LANDING, BIG SHOT!

HEY! LEMME DOWN!



BASCOM ADMITS DEFEAT. . . .



I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY.

BEFORE I SEND YOU TO JAIL, YOU'RE GOING TO SIGN A RELEASE FOR ALL THOSE FARMS YOU'VE TAKEN OPTIONS ON.

THE LOCAL CHIEF OF POLICE RECEIVES A STARTLING CALL!



CROOKS TO BE PICKED UP AT THE BENTON FARM? SAY, WHO IS THIS—WHAT ARE YOU?

CURT COWAN MAKES HIS REPORT TO CHIEF HOPKINS.



THOSE WERE JUST CRANK LETTERS—NOTHING TO REPORT.

AS I THOUGHT, SAY, IN THAT SECTION, HICK POLICE JUST ARRESTED A TROOP OF WAR SMUGGLERS. MILLIONAIRE BANKER BASCOM WAS ONE OF THEM.

SOME WILD STORY ABOUT BEING HEMMED IN BY A WALL OF ELECTRICITY.

MOST CROOKS USUALLY GO BALMY AFTER AWHILE.



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SECOND PRIZE \$2.00

THIRD TO
TWENTIETH PRIZE

\$1.00 Each **\$18.00**

TOTAL \$25.00

20 PRIZES IN ALL!



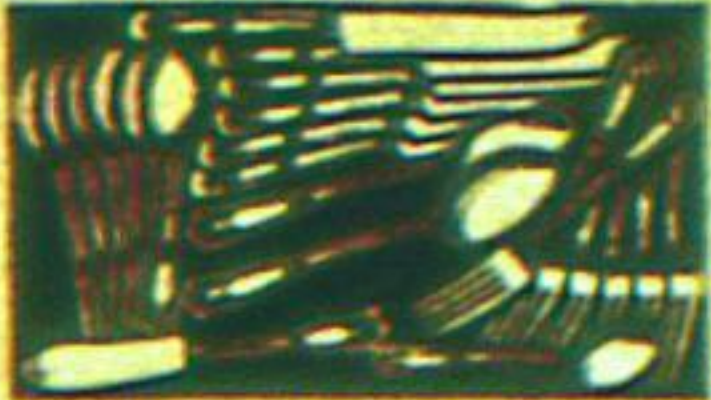
It's Easy! It's Fun! You can still win
that first prize . . . It's still time to
enter—Buy your copy **NOW**, and
get the details . . .



C'mon— BOYS·GIRLS MEN·WOMEN PICK YOUR PRIZE

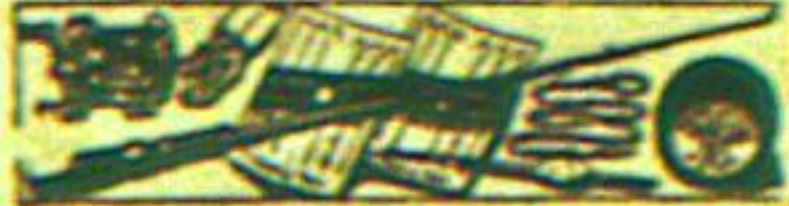
THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 24 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the \$2.40 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**

22 Piece TABLEWARE SET



1 Knife, 1 Fork, 1 Teaspoon, Butter Knife, Sugar Spoon. **GIVEN** for selling only one order.

Good Luck FISHING OUTFIT



Best rod, reel, string line, 12 jumbo lures, 12 lead sinkers, with bait and stringer. **Send only one order.**

Household CLOCK

Can be used anywhere. Easily to be set in two late effort. 24 hour movement. **Shipped at only 1 order and **SEND NO MONEY** to you. **WRITE TODAY.****



Real Live CANARY



Send Express Collect.

10 Piece Friselle Curtain Set



Complete set in softest white material. **Shipped at only 1 order and **SEND NO MONEY** to you. **WRITE TODAY.****

22 Piece Rose Petal DINNER SET GIVEN



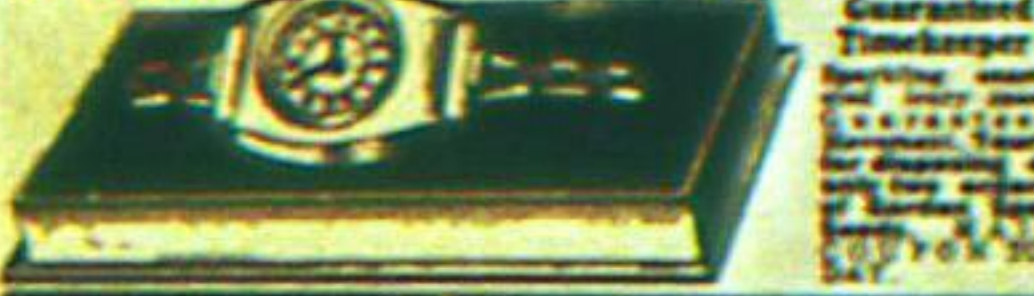
Set GIVEN for selling 2 orders. **Send express collect.**

JUNIOR GUITAR GIVEN



Get this handsome instrument NOW. Here's How. Just send your name and address. **SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU** with 24 packets of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10c a pk. When sold send \$2.40 collected and **WE WILL SEND** this handsome Electric guitar and five minute instruction book absolutely **FREE.** **Send for seeds NOW.**

Ladies' New Fashion WRIST WATCH GIVEN



More Than a Guaranteed Timekeeper. Sparkling case. **Shipped at only 1 order and **SEND NO MONEY** to you. **WRITE TODAY.****



Crinkled BED SPREAD

The crinkled spread is really warm in protecting sleep. **Shipped at only 1 order and **SEND NO MONEY** to you. **WRITE TODAY.****



BASKETBALL GIVEN

Latest Rubber Valve Type. **Send No Money.** Just name and address. **Shipped at only 1 order and **SEND NO MONEY** to you. **WRITE TODAY.****

Blue Bird Granite Cooking Set



Convenient and sanitary kitchen utensils. **Shipped at only 1 order and **SEND NO MONEY** to you. **WRITE TODAY.****

VIOLIN, BOW & INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN



Shipped at only 1 order and **SEND NO MONEY to you. **WRITE TODAY.****

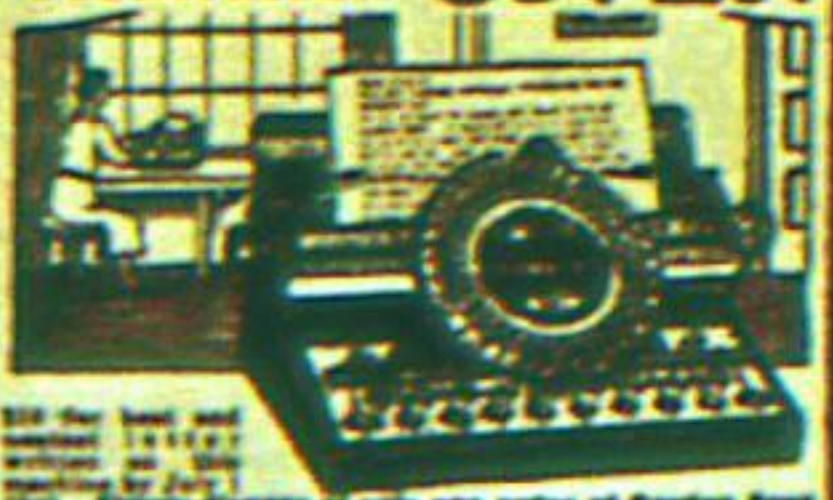
Home BARBER Outfit

Here is a barber's outfit for your children or adult.



Shipped at only 1 order and **SEND NO MONEY to you. **WRITE TODAY.****

PRIZE TYPEWRITER GIVEN



Shipped at only 1 order and **SEND NO MONEY to you. **WRITE TODAY.****



Shipped at only 1 order and **SEND NO MONEY to you. **WRITE TODAY.****

Midget Pocket RADIO GIVEN

Shipped at only 1 order and **SEND NO MONEY to you. **WRITE TODAY.****

MAIL COUPON TODAY for **5 FREE PROMPTNESS PRIZES!**

SENT RIGHT ALONG WITH YOUR REGULAR PREMIUM IF WE GET THIS COUPON IN THE NEXT 5 DAYS. **SO HURRY! FILL OUT TODAY AND MAIL!**

SEND NO MONEY WE TRUST YOU

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Lancaster County Seed Co.,
Station 3, Paradise, Pa.
Please send me 24 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10c a pk. for a Free Gift. I will send you for made in 30 days. Also send right along with my Regular Premium the 5 FREE PROMPTNESS PRIZES SHOWN ABOVE.

Name _____
Post Office _____
State _____
Street or R. F. D. _____
Print your last name plainly below

Save 1 cent by filling in, posting and mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY

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Equipment includes substantially built, ALL STEEL press, mechanically operated rubber inking roller, 3x3½ inches steel type chase, 138 piece set of 12 point Gothic type, en and em quads, thin spaces, rigglets, lock-up screws, ink, paper and step-by-step instructions, easily followed. Extra type 50c.

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**GOTHIC TYPE
THIS SIZE**

SEND NO MONEY

—unless you wish.

When the postman brings your press pay \$2 plus 60c for charges (Pacific Coast \$2.85) OR, if you prefer attach \$2 plus 35c postage and SAVE the C.O.D. fee.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you are not more than delighted with your press, back comes your money. You take no risk, no obligation. Satisfaction or money back.

**SPECIAL
DURING THIS SALE**

\$

2

The "LITTLE-MAN"
works like famous
GORDON PRESS

You get real experience—learn to set type, lock up forms, read proof, make ready, get okays, feed the press—learn to love the smell of printer's ink and know the magic of taking a blank piece of paper and printing words that move people, after the manner of Franklin, Greeley, etc.

EXPERIENCE WORTH \$100. Learning to print is worth a lot. You can print for profit, make money; or for pleasure. You learn an important business. Thousands of big advertising and newspaper men got started in this very way.

MAIL TODAY BEFORE PRICE GOES UP

PECK BROTHERS

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2971 Whitney Ave., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Send One Little-Man Printing Outfit, \$2.60 C.O.D. (Pacific Coast \$2.85). Cash \$2.35. Extra type 50c.

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